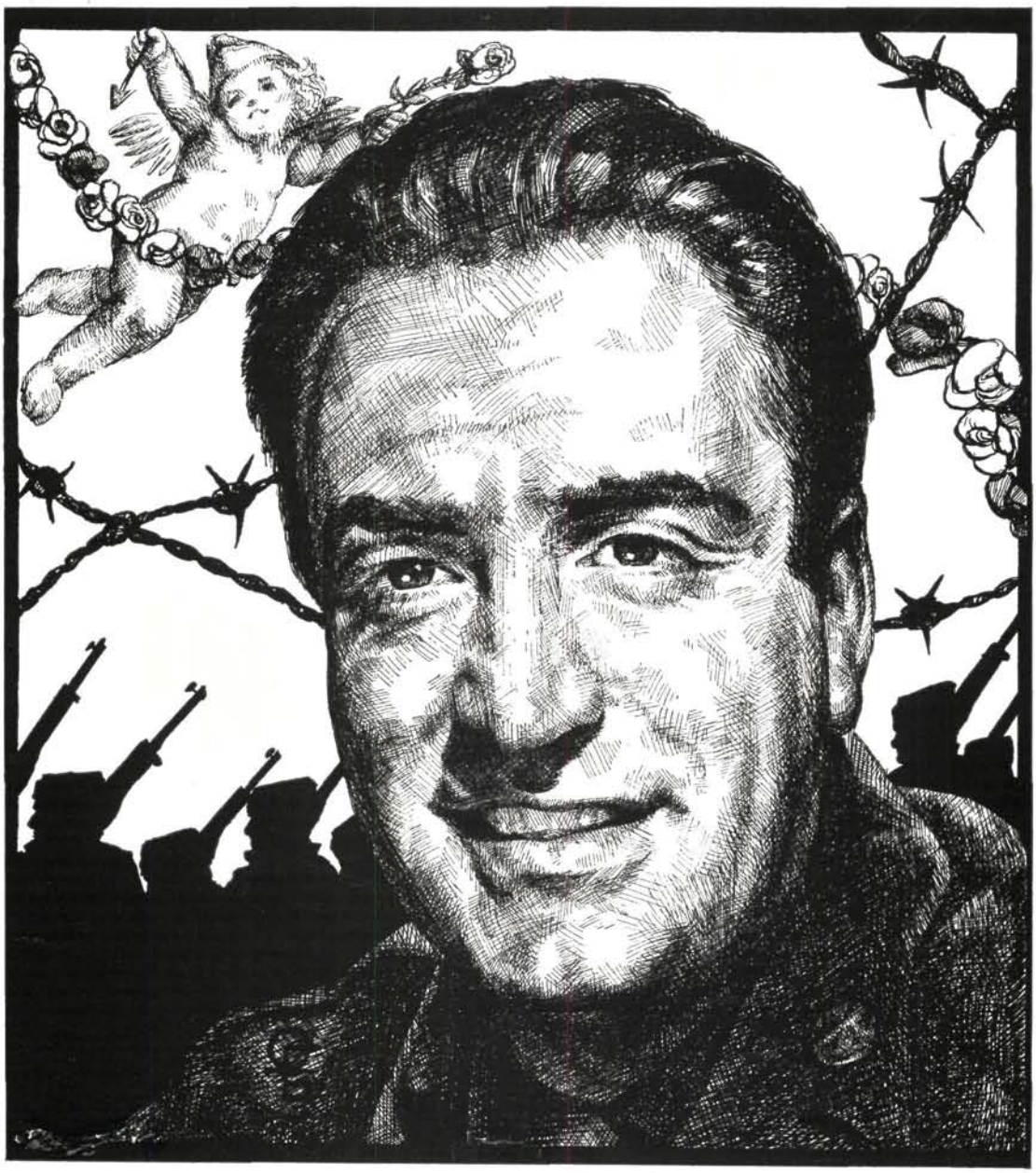
The Saturday Review of Literature

VOLUME XXIX No. 22 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1946 FIFTEEN CENTS



William Saroyan, author of "The Adventures of Wesley Jackson. *(See Page 7)*

Standards in American Speech

By BROBURY PEARCE ELLIS

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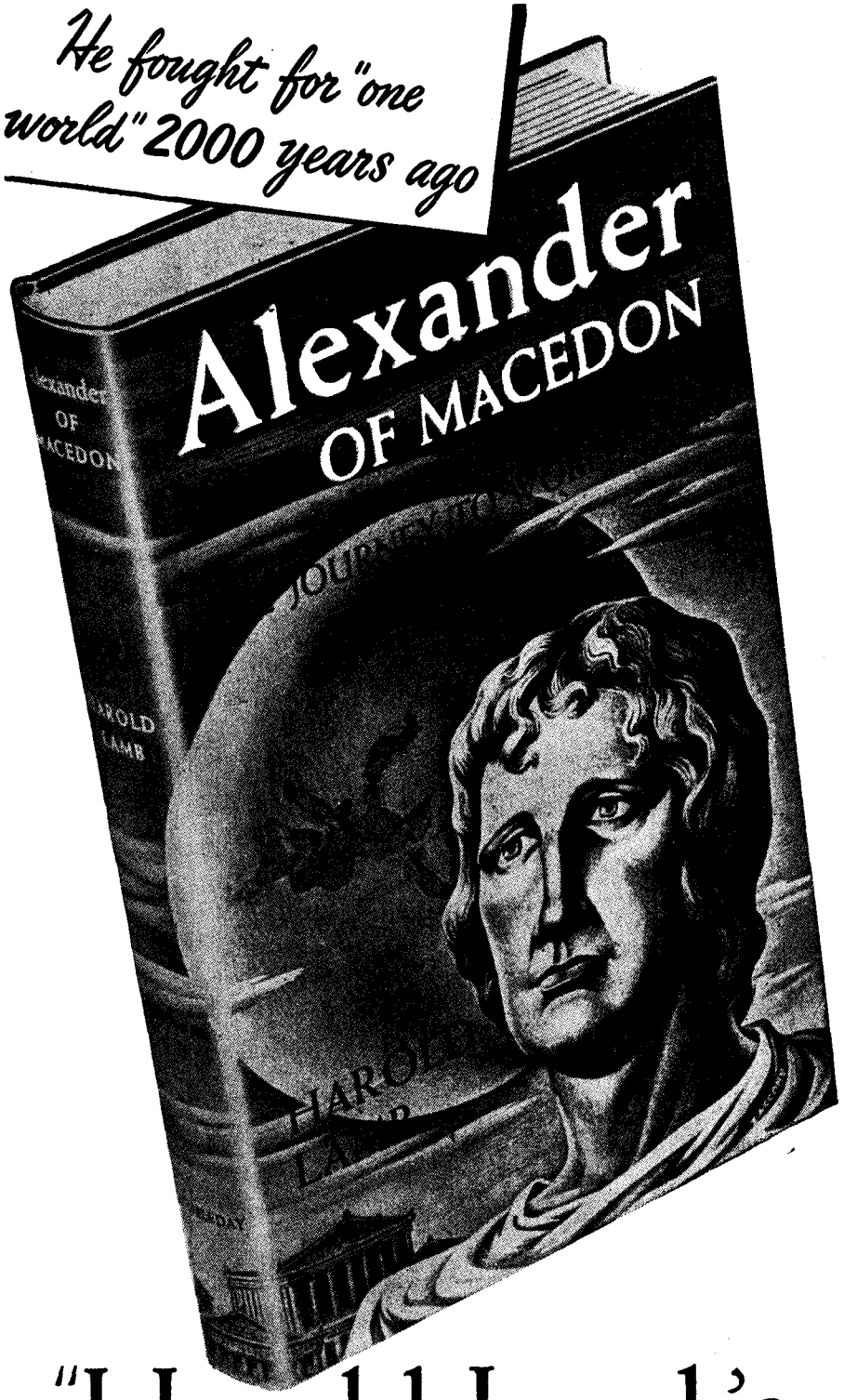
THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada and other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for change of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXIX. No. 22. June 1, 1946. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1946, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Midwestern Office
814 North Tower Court, Chicago, Ill.

Pacific Coast Offices
235 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Calif.
411 West Fifth Street, Los Angeles, Calif.



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The gift of listening...

WE HAVE ALWAYS had a private feeling that religion is not so much a matter of believing a creed and appearing regularly in a house of worship, as it is a matter of possessing one's own soul. And though we may be engaged in a daily gaining of the whole world it is the vague, intangible, unclassifiable soul which we feel it is important to keep tabs on, each in his own way This, even more than "literary", "is a work very difficult to do".

Stories about men's souls, from Faustus down, have been alluring. And though an interest in what the pundits call religion may be normally somnolent in a peaceful world, in a period of violence and insecurity it becomes all over again a fresh new question. The problems involved in literally gaining a whole world are a little too big to be disposed of in the day's work; they reverberate in the backs of men's minds. Oddly enough, in a time when we are having to consider a whole world of dispossessed souls in shrunken bodies, a simple, straight, deep story of one man's struggle for the possession of his own soul can be a very moving, personal experience

That is partly the reason for our reissue of A MIGHTY FORTRESS by LeGrand Cannon, Jr Here is the story of a young farm lad, Zeke Peele, enthralled by an itinerant preacher and deciding to follow the same profession. The time is the early 1800's, the place New Hampshire, and the characters kin to Whit and Melissa of LOOK TO THE MOUNTAIN. We begin with Zeke's father Abel walking the mile to church alone because Minna's time is near After an inspired sermon with Abel as target because of his known habit of milking on Sunday ("If God had meant I shouldn't milk on Sunday, He'd have fixed cows so they didn't have to *be* milked on Sunday"), he returns home to find that his son has been born. Making his wife and child as comfortable as possible, Abel fires his rifle to summon help, then busies himself getting things ready around the kitchen. Typical of the kind of New England Mr Cannon gives a reader is this brief scene, with Abel heating water as he waits for the first neighbors to arrive:

> While he was at it, he heard Thaddeus Blake's horse turn into the yard. He'd figured Thaddeus would probably get there first Abel laid down the bellows, got up from his knees and went out to meet him. Thaddeus had pretty good sense for a Blake he'd brought his wife.
>
> He said to Abel· "Your wife?"
>
> And Abel said. "Think it was Injuns?"

With that beginning, Zeke Peele is part of a strong, known world. He has his father's stony delight in the face of criticism, in the sweep of the spotlight. And Mr. Watling, itinerant preacher, was the man who showed him how to earn it. Indeed, Mr. Watling is an enchanting character for any day and age. A magnificent talker, a good listener, a scholar, and a very boon companion with a bottle—small wonder that young Ezekiel, who had little liking for mending stone walls, should fall beneath the spell. So Mr. Watling, promising Abel to stay sober, takes the boy with him on a swing around the countryside and Zeke returns more set in his mind than ever. He will become a preacher.

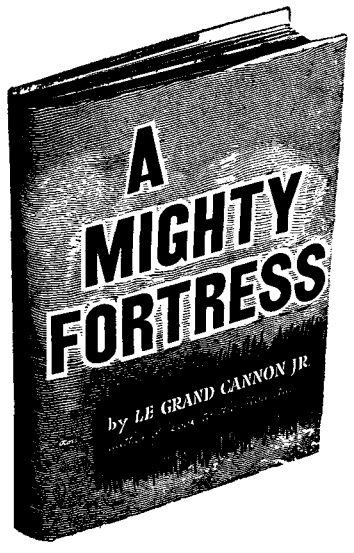
In his first chance as assistant pastor of a big church in Boston, Zeke did his job, found out about his own capabilities and inadequacies, met and married the niece of one of the Deacons. The story of the young couple, how Zeke found himself lined up with the Abolitionists in Boston, lost his job, lived through lean times, and found his own soul is as personal a history as your neighbor's. LeGrand Cannon, Jr. is not a man who writes in a hurry and not a man who writes about something he does not know. These people are as real as knowing them can make them. They have the simple dignity and remarkable "staying" power of the land that bore them. A while back, when we were publishing LOOK TO THE MOUNTAIN, the editor who had worked with Cannon wrote a long background letter of which this is one paragraph (Old George is a "real" character who lives in New Hampshire):

> Lee has the gift of listening. He listens in a very particular and very rare way. He cares nothing for folklore as such or for character as a quaint collector's item. He seems to me to have a delight in apprehending people as they are and without judging them by any exterior standards. He enjoys Old George to the fullest, but he does not condescend. To a very small circle of his very best friends he will occasionally repeat a remark of Old George's, often a gnomic saying which he does not always pretend to understand himself. Thus he once told me what Old George said about the war: "Well, if it comes I ain't too old. I can still watch the corners."

This book is built around people who might have known what Old George was talking about, or felt it. It has the sure, slow, certain strength of ground rock. It is "A mighty fortress is our God,"—as simple as that. It did not become a great popular success when it was first published, by another house, in 1937. But at the time Dr. William Lyon Phelps wrote:

> It would be foolish to call this a promising work; it is finished and consummate; and I think any living American novelist might be proud to be its author.

A MIGHTY FORTRESS is still that good. Only today men are once more saying to themselves, "What profiteth a man . . ."



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The Saturday Review of Literature

Standards in American Speech

BROBURY PEARCE ELLIS

SPEECH is, above all else, democratic. A spoken word is a commonly-agreed-on symbol for a thing or an idea, existing for the purpose of communication, which is possible only when any given sound has the same meaning for the auditor that it has for the speaker. The existence of such a set of symbols is the foundation of social living; it is possible for some individuals to live happy, useful lives without the ability to read and write. But speech we must use if we are to live in society at all. Speech must be regarded as a sort of public utility, like water and electricity, necessary to all. If any regulation of it is required, that regulation must be undertaken as a public trust and in the public interest.

The commonest standard we rely upon to determine the pronunciation of our words is our own ears; we pronounce most of our words as we hear them pronounced by our friends and neighbors. Usage, the common custom, is the natural basis of the common acceptance of speech symbols. For a family living in complete isolation from everyone else, without a radio or a telephone, this standard would be completely adequate, so long as no new idea ever struck any of them which might require the use of a new word. It was the existence of such isolated communities in the past which gave rise to the local dialects now roughly grouped into the three major American dialects, known as Eastern, Southern, and General American. There are few people as isolated as that today; and the wider our contact with others, the more often we hear pronunciations which differ from our own. When this happens, communication is momentarily halted while we adjust ourselves to the strange sound.

Fortunately for the unity of our country, the differences between the American dialects are not great, nor is there any vast difference between the speech of the educated and the less educated. The man of humble birth whose exceptional talents lead him into wider social spheres finds no great difficulty in adapting his speech habits to those of his new associates; and while the Texan may find his local dialect remarked upon in New York and in San Francisco, he seldom finds it a social or professional handicap, except perhaps in the limited fields of the stage and the radio. No one feels that President Truman is unfitted for his post because he speaks the General American dialect, even though his predecessor had strongly conditioned us to Presidential utterances in the Eastern dialect. This tolerance is an advantage in a democracy, implying the absence of any fixed and unalterable barrier hindering mobility between social levels and between different parts of our country. It is also an advantage to the society woman who wishes to telephone her butcher for a pound of steak.

Tolerance is also encouraged by the prevailing practice in the science of phonetics. In the past many phoneticians regarded the speech pattern they were accustomed to as the "correct" speech pattern, and all others as ignorant variations of it. Dogmatic provincialism is disappearing today; phoneticians now study all variations and accept as in some degree standard any pronunciation they find to be in general use anywhere.

But not all Americans would be willing to go along with the phoneticians in this attitude. We are in

many ways a self-conscious people, and we wish to know that the pronunciation we use is "correct," particularly in contacts outside our own immediate circle. Usage is a sound democratic standard, rightly regarded as the basis of all other standards, including that employed in our written literature; but even in a single community it is not wholly adequate, because it lacks uniformity. There are certain forces operating to regulate our usage, some of which we consciously seek, and others which come to us unbidden.

What do we do when usage fails us as a standard? When we hear a pronunciation that differs from our own, spoken by someone who seems to have as good a claim to correctness as we have, how do we decide whether to adopt the innovation or to cling stubbornly to our own form? What do we do when we wish to pronounce a word we have never heard spoken?

TO OPEN a dictionary and find the pronunciation we desire seems a simple and orderly process to help us out of our difficulty. Thousands of us do it every day without giving the matter a second thought. But dictionaries don't just grow; they are books made by men. How do these men determine which pronunciations to attempt to record under the haze of diacritical markings?

A dictionary purports to be, among other things, a record of the commonly accepted speech symbols of our language. Its primary basis is, as it must be, usage. But we have found usage a confusing standard. What do the editors of dictionaries do when they find themselves in a difficulty similar to that which sent us to the dictionary for guidance? Sometimes, lamentably enough, they do just what we did: they turn to another dictionary and copy out the pronunciation they find there.

More often they conduct a sort of survey, asking the opinions of a number of good speakers who should be reliable guides to the proper pro-

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nunciation of a particular word. As we might expect, there is often a wide variety in these opinions. In this case, a simple majority must decide the question; but since opinions cannot be collected from all good speakers, this seems almost as haphazard a decision as the tossing of a coin. Sometimes the human element intrudes, and a personal prejudice of the editor tips the scales.

Dictionaries attempt to record the usage of the majority of the best speakers. This implies a sort of average or general level; there is probably no one speaker who pronounces all his words as the dictionary recommends. Often the dictionary gives us our choice between two or more acceptable pronunciations, but it cannot list all the acceptable variants. It cannot be said then to draw a clear line between pronunciations which are acceptable and ones which are not, nor does it tell us where and under what conditions certain variants may or may not be good usage.

What of the tolerance we have noticed between the major American dialects? There is only one dictionary which lists the variant pronunciations of these dialects, and that is printed in a phonetic alphabet which is more accurate than diacritical markings, but not as widely understood. The standard dictionaries find it necessary to select a pronunciation which will be acceptable not only in all parts of this country, but also in other parts of the world where our language is spoken. This necessarily leads to the introduction of compromises and approximations. With regard to dialectal variations, the editors confess that they deliberately suggest pronunciations which will tend to level such differences.

THE editing of a dictionary furthermore is a very big job, one that takes many years to complete. It stands to reason that not all of its pronunciations can be completely up-to-date, even in the latest edition.

If one reads the small print in the front of a dictionary he will learn that the pronunciations listed are not those recommended for ordinary conversation, but for the more careful type of speech we would use in addressing a group of people from a platform. It is not the fault of the dictionary if we disregard this qualification, yet we frequently do, and we create for ourselves one more source of confusion.

If we turn then to a dictionary with a full understanding of its limitations and qualifications, we find that it raises almost more problems than it settles. But for many people its very limitations are a regulating force upon their usage, since they accept its recommendations with the same confidence they feel in the Bureau of Standards at Washington. It is a record of pronunciations in actual usage only in a highly qualified sense; in practice it is a standardizing influence upon usage, an influence in many cases arbitrary, not to say capricious.

We have departed from a strict adherence to Aristotle's democratic standard. Is this a regulation in the public interest, the regulation we wish for our public utility? We may grant that the dictionary editors are doing the best they can in a highly confused situation, and at the same time we can still look for a better solution.

An obvious influence upon American speech is the instruction given to young people in schools and colleges. We have said that the phoneticians who are the instructors have in recent

years adopted the standard of general usage, rather than preaching conformity to any one arbitrarily selected dialect. There are still, however, some teachers who cling to the dogmatism of a single correct standard. The worst aspect of this situation is that such teachers most often select a dialect known as Southern British, which is spoken only by a certain group of people in London and nowhere else in the world, least of all in this country. No doubt the great majority of students subjected to this training merely forget all about it as soon as they leave the classroom, which is the best thing they could do. Any student who actually used this dialect anywhere in America would be marked as an affected ass, rather than as a person of taste and culture. If these teachers should happen to succeed in training all educated persons to speak Southern British (a prospect which appears increasingly unlikely), we would find ourselves saddled with an artificial social distinction in speech which is now happily absent from our society.

The phoneticians whose standard is general usage are certainly more useful to us. They have learned that speech is a dynamic organism; they have learned many of the principles which guide its constantly changing forms, and they are willing to teach any form which has acquired general currency. They have learned that the locution "doan chew," for instance, is a normal development of "don't you" in colloquial conversation, and they no longer uphold the school teachers who have fought a losing battle against it for so many years. They regard a carefully enunciated "don't you" as pedantic, and they actually discourage it.

THE reaction against pedantry is sound and healthy, but it can be carried too far. None of us ever speak quite as carefully in ordinary conversation as we mean to. If we are taught that these common elisions and transformations are correct forms, there is the danger that we will tend to elide and transform still further in our careless every-day speech until we descend into utter unintelligibility. The Englishman who seems to us to "swallow his words" is already a victim of the danger. We need a brake to check this descent, not a shove down the hill. Robert Bridges, late poet laureate of England, expressed it thus:

> When children have been educated to speak correctly, their variation from that full pronunciation is a natural carelessness, and has the grace of all natural behavior, and it naturally obeys whatever laws have been correctly propounded by phoneticians; since it is itself the phenomena from which those laws are deduced. This carelessness or ease of speech will vary naturally *in all degrees* according to occasion, and being dependent on mood and temper will never go wrong. It is warm and alive with expression of character, and may pass quite unself-consciously from the grace of negligence to the grace of correctness, for it has correctness at command, having learned it, and its carelessness has not been doctored and bandaged.

Phoneticians classify themselves either as *descriptive,* those who describe speech actually in use, or as *prescriptive,* those who prescribe speech they feel should be in use. If there is too little of democracy in the latter group, we get almost too much democracy from the former group.

If the complexities of civilization have vastly reduced the number of isolated communities in our country today, with regard to our spoken language we may say that isolation is almost entirely removed. The universal popularity of radio, providing constant communication of the spoken word in all parts of the country, and to an ever-increasing extent in all parts of the world where our

(*Continued on page* 39)

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Saroyan's War

THE ADVENTURES OF WESLEY JACKSON. By William Saroyan. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1946. 285 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

TWELVE years ago, when William Saroyan published his "Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze," he became the boy wonder, the daring young genius of our newest literature. He had an exuberant love for life, for bums, tramps, and the poor and downtrodden. He looked at the world around him with dewy-eyed innocence and wonder, as if it were a miracle that the sun should shine, the stars come out at night, that men and women of the lower orders should have big hearts and noble souls, and, above all, that Mr. Saroyan should be a writer. Now approaching forty, he has lost none of his bounce, his gusto, and his Christian ardor. Edmund Wilson has said that he is an agreeable mixture of San Francisco friendliness and Armenian Christianity but has deplored the smugness and self-satisfied facility that he senses in his later work.

Of his latest novel, "The Adventures of Wesley Jackson," it can be reported that there is no trace of smugness, but plenty of narcissism, for the nineteen-year-old hero might be Mr. Saroyan himself, his own adventures in war uniform transformed by the author's usual alchemy into the conventional Saroyan pattern. It begins with young Wesley Jackson in a barracks near San Francisco, the son of a wonderful Mom and a philosophic old reprobate and drunk who is his Pop. It winds up with Jackson in England, still a private, but now a writer who can wring the hearts of the readers of his British propaganda.

Viewed by Mr. Saroyan the American army was made up of a remarkable collection of privates. They were as friendly and as naïve as puppy dogs; each one had a favorite song which he constantly whistled and sang; some were apt to burst into tears at any time, and especially young Jackson, who is the cryingest soldier on record. Most of the officers he had the bad fortune to meet were stupid or vain or both. But just as Pop is a noble drunk in the novel, so the woman who runs a house in the Middle West is a noble madam, and the lady who picks him up in New York and takes him to her penthouse is nobly generous and loving. The only older man in the book who rates any praise is a propaganda officer in London who convinces him that he can write.

The girl Private Jackson marries, though not with book or a candle or the consent of the army, is a half-starved runaway from a poor Gloucester family who would have become a prostitute that very night if she had not run into an American soldier. He decides immediately that she is the destined child-wife he has been looking for all his life; nevertheless, he is cautious enough to investigate the truth of her story before he takes her home with him. Indeed, most of the soldiers the reader meets are looking for a bride, of almost any kind, but especially for a girl who can give them a son. Before they are shot, they want to look into their sons' eyes. Curiously enough, not one of these philoprogenitive warriors wants to look into a baby girl's eyes.

The adventures of some of these sentimental lads in uniform are, according to strict army rules, a little incredible. For example, two of them get a free plane ride to Alaska and back, because Private Jackson tells an officer that his pal is sorrowing for his sick mother in Fairbanks, although nothing is wrong with his Mom in his home in San Francisco. Another example: a soldier trombone player is captured in Germany and is thrown into a concentration camp. He has somehow been permitted to carry his clumsy instrument with him across France. But he cannot play without a straw hat on his head; nothing comes out of his trombone except groans. The Germans search everywhere around Deutschland and finally a courier is sent to Paris and returns with a brand new straw hat "with a red band on it and a little cluster of red and green and purple feathers stuck into its band." It is Mr. Saroyan's magic that he makes you believe and love the scene that follows: "It was the most magnificent thing that anybody ever saw. . . . Wynstanley had been hungry to play," writes Mr. Saroyan. "He just wanted to play. It was the finest thing that happened in the whole war. . . . I don't know what's American as against what's something else, but I know that there is no man in the world capable of resisting the truth and beauty that came out of Wynstanley's trombone on that night of Saturday, July 22, 1944. I know the German guards couldn't resist the truth and beauty because having a hint of its enormity one of them had fetched Wynstanley his straw hat."

Now, this is a fable told in deadly seriousness and almost believed by Mr. Saroyan. In it he means to say that all men are brothers as, in his story of the mating of the pale underfed English girl, he says that all women are sisters, pure in heart, and that love conquers all.

In reading Mr. Saroyan one should gallop ahead and never stop to cogitate. What he has always been trying to say is as immortally true as the gospels or wisdom itself. If man has been permitted for centuries to soothe the savage breast with his lyre, why not grant Saroyan's soldier the same magic with his trombone, an instrument of salvation in many of Saroyan's works? Saroyan hates war, believes that the primary function of man is to love and perpetuate his species. All reasoning men agree with him. Why, then, in Saroyan's many books, in his plays, does he seem to strike a false note, to whip up so exaggerated a series of truisms that all of his latest plays, in which it is more difficult to disguise irrationality than in fiction, have been almost complete failures?

The reason for his failure to conquer, as love and dewy-eyed innocence are supposed to conquer, is that you never know where Saroyan himself stands, or where you stand with Saroyan. All of our major critics have been hacking at him for years and all of them disagree, except in finally admitting that he has genius, or whatever each one means by that. One man will say that he has been carrying on a protracted love-affair with himself for ten years; others that he is an exhibitionist or a plain fraud. No one in any serious sense believes in him any longer as a major prophet.

Saroyan might well have been one. He arrived on the American literary scene at a time when the public was tired of the destructive and cynical dicta of post-war novelists. He tried to affirm by his puckish humor, his Armenian folk-tales, his fables and his naïve emotionalism that nothing mattered in the world except love and being true to yourself. He failed

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because a depression followed the war and another world war followed the depression. The homelier virtues and sounder instincts of the little people, the prostitute with the heart of gold, long a convention in post-Victorian literature, the superior qualities of the uneducated man in war and in peace over the effete college-bred man have no longer a political or emotional appeal. We look today at Saroyan's men and women, at the soldiers portrayed in his latest book, and we admire their vitality, their tears, their cock-eyed behavior. We love their primitive honesty, but we lay aside this book feeling that he is a gifted teller of fairy-tales, or parables, which have little relation to a world faced with continued revolution, starvation, and the threat of another war.

It Happened in Vienna

LUSTRE IN THE SKY. By Countess Waldeck. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 434 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by HERBERT GORMAN

IT WAS the old Prince de Ligne who declared that the Congress of Vienna *danse mais ne marche pas,* and in a cynical sense he was quite right. The congregation of crowned heads, princes, foreign ministers, and rascals *per se* that met in Vienna during the winter of 1814-1815 to remake the map of Europe now that Bonaparte presumably was safely caged on Elba was at constant loggerheads, and all solutions reached were no better than compromises.

The décor was like a monstrous musical comedy. Grand balls, astonishing dinners and feasts, imported dancing girls, a blonde horde of mistresses, over-decorated uniforms, bedroom cabals, and closet conspiracies merged into a rich plum cake for novelists, and the Countess Waldeck, for one, has taken full advantage of the opulent dish. "Lustre in the Sky" is one of those full-blown novels of history wherein practically every character bears a familiar name, wherein bands play and soldiers march, wherein elaborate foods and coiffures and gowns have their importance, where scenes shift from throneroom to ballroom to bedroom in dizzy succession, and where snowy bosoms are just as important in achieving decisions as economic or national necessities. Such material can be handled badly or it can be disciplined into a convincing whole. Countess Waldeck has made a success of it.

She had at her disposal a plethora of themes: Alexander of Russia (the man of Tilsit) correlating his passion for Poland with his foggy idealistic mysticism and the desire of the other Allies to keep him out of Europe; Prussia's intent to gobble up Saxony; England's determination to permit no coalition that would threaten her position; the keenness of France (a beaten aggressor nation) to step again into the circle of power; the ambitions of Austria; and the Bourbon desire to oust Murat from Naples. And she had a group of figures, any one of whom could have served as protagonist—Alexander, Metternich, Castlereagh, Czartorysky, and Talleyrand. Wisely enough she selected for her central figure the lame man with the wisest head, the greatest double-crosser of them all, Talleyrand. Talleyrand, the chameleon of French statesmanship (if it may be so dignified), the man who served Bonaparte for years, conspired against him, and now, without a perceptible qualm of conscience, appears in Vienna as the emissary of fat, gouty Louis XVIII! But there was more to Talleyrand than Machiavellian politics. There was a love affair as well. And so we have as the central thread of "Lustre in the Sky" the sensual imbroglio of Talleyrand, nearing sixty, and his niece by marriage, Dorothea, Comtesse de Périgord, somewhere in her twenties. Dorothea comes to Vienna ostensibly as hostess for the French Embassy but actually to seduce her aging uncle. Talleyrand comes to seduce Europe. Both succeed.

—*Elli Marcus*

Countess Waldeck "suggest[s] . . . analogies between the Congress of Vienna and the United Nations—Paris Peace Conference."

The two threads of love and politics are neatly woven, and the resulting twist is strong enough to hold the reader's attention for some four-hundred-odd pages. Countess Waldeck is clever enough at characterization to raise her personages from types to living creatures, and this gives a vitality to her novel that adds immeasurably to the somewhat crowded and confused scene. Talleyrand, perhaps, was not quite so overwhelmingly charming and irresistible to statesmen and lovely women alike, and, perhaps, Dorothea was not so inexpressibly beautiful, but these are forgivable enlargements. After all, this is not history but fiction. Yet, acknowledging that it is fiction, it might be as well to acknowledge also that so far as this commentator's knowledge goes there is no tampering with facts. Both Metternich and Castlereagh are played down a bit to enhance Talleyrand, to be sure, but what happens in "Lustre in the Sky" actually happened in Vienna one hundred and thirty-one years ago.

Talleyrand did come to the Congress as the representative of a defeated power (much as Ribbentrop, if he had changed his coat in time, might have come to Paris today), was cold-shouldered for a while, schemed his way into the conference of the four big powers, and walked away with a secret treaty between France, England, and Austria, leaving Prussia and Russia on the outside looking in. This is simplifying it a lot, but the main lines are there. And Talleyrand did have an affair with his niece by marriage, and, what is more, he married her eventually and she outlived him many years, dying as late as 1862 as Dorothea, Duchesse de Talleyrand et Sagan. But "Lustre in the Sky" ends in June 1815, with Bonaparte, escaped from Elba, moving the French legions north toward Waterloo and that final dénouement that was to give Europe a comparative measure of peace for more than a generation.

Countess Waldeck, never explicitly, to be sure, seems to suggest a number of analogies between the Congress of Vienna and the combined United Nations-Paris Peace Conference of today. However, these analogies are always dangerous. There is no representative of a defeated power sitting at any conference table and engaging in diplomatic discussions today. Nor is there likely to be one. And the blonde ladies behind the scenes are missing. Everything has moved to another plane. Russia *is* in Europe now, and the ancient bond of England, Austria, and France to keep her out is as dead as the drifted ashes of the secret treaty of 1815.

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An Admirable First Novel

OUR OWN KIND. By Edward McSorley. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 304 pp. $2.50.

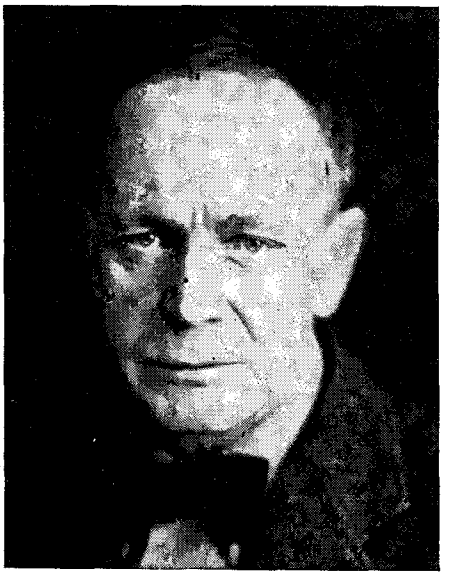
Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

IT is not uncommon for readers to blame a writer for not doing something which he never intended to do in the first place, and I trust that I shall not commit this error when I say that Mr. McSorley, in this admirable first novel, has confined himself to a very narrow field. Writing about certain working people of Irish extraction who lived in the city of Providence in or around the year 1916, he has told us as little as he can about the conditions under which they lived and worked. He suggests that theirs was a very compressed life, caught as it were between the upper and the nether millstones, between a mystical longing for Ireland on the one hand and an American laissez-faire economy on the other. The religion which was part of their blood counselled resignation, and admonished them to live their lives with reference to eternity; the industrial system which wore out their bodies also counselled resignation, and admonished them to live their lives with reference to the police. Mr. McSorley hints but (until the end of the book) scarcely more than hints at the grinding fear under which they lived—fear of poverty, of pauperism, of being crippled without compensation, fear of rapacious landlords and fraudulent acquaintances.

With a sincere writer, however, a hint is often enough; and it is not because he does not tell us more about the industrial economy of Providence in 1916 that we feel he is working in a somewhat narrow field. The reason lies elsewhere. He is by no means a restrained writer; he lets himself go as much as he can; but what appears to be an innate regard for human respectability, as opposed to human dignity, holds him back. There are passions and perplexities which he refrains from exploring; there is a certain withdrawal all along the line. But it is only a partial withdrawal. For he is a master of dialogue; he has a wonderful ear and a wonderful memory; and it is in his dialogue that the real vitality of his book is to be found. The fantasy, the poetry, the fertility in argument, the humor, the harshness, the coarseness, the brutality, they are all here. A story as full of incident as this one is cannot, of course, live by dialogue alone; and whenever the novel resorts to action, mildness sets in.

"Our Own Kind" is the story of a boy called Willie McDermott, who is just getting into the difficult age. Willie's grandfather is an illiterate foundryman whose great ambition is to give Willie the advantages which he himself has never had. Willie's grandmother and his great-aunt are, on the whole, two harridans; his unmarried uncle is a shrivelled soul; only his grandfather and his grandfather's friends continue to believe that Willie is destined for higher things. Willie himself approves of the idea, but he also resists it. He cannot help getting into trouble, and when (much against his will) he is persuaded to rob a store and is found out, his family are so ashamed that they move to another part of the city. The grandfather does not give up. Willie might have succeeded, he might have become a scholar or a lawyer or a doctor. But then the grandfather dies; and it is clear, as the book ends, that Willie must leave school, for there is no longer anyone interested enough to keep him there.

The characters in this book—workers, priests, policemen, tramps, politicians—are not limited to Willie's understanding of them. They are allowed to live their own lives on their own level. The grandfather, Ned McDermott, is the most outstanding; he is a humorous man, but he is neither a comic nor an eccentric, and has therefore escaped the fate which blasts most grandfathers in contemporary fiction.



"In Edward McSorley's dialogue the real vitality of his book is to be found."

I should call this a most successful novel. It is a limited work, to be sure, and therefore a minor work. But good minor works such as this are rare. And Mr. McSorley has a rare gift of concentration. He illuminates only a very small corner of human experience; but the light is clear and it is steady; and it is his own.

Your Literary I.Q.

FURNISHED ROOMS

By Howard Collins

This week's quiz is the inspiration of Mary Vaughan, of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Briefly described below are some unusually furnished rooms. Can you (1) identify the story in which each belongs and (2) name its author? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 16.

1. In this sitting room the cigars are kept in the coal scuttle and the pipe tobacco in the toe of a Persian slipper.
2. In this kitchen is a sewing box containing a strangled canary wrapped in a bit of silk.
3. In this locked attic schoolroom is a portrait covered with a purple satin drape.
4. In this "Chinese" room are, among other things, a copper floor, a painting of an albino monkey, and a Pekinese named Ting-a-ling.
5. In this bathroom are a black marble bathtub and a gilded French telephone.
6. In this upstairs room are the portrait of a joyful-looking lady and a bronze statue of Neptune taming a sea-horse.
7. In this hotel room is a bed with a canopy that can be screwed down until the bed's occupant is smothered to death.
8. In the Tudor library of this English country home was a rug with a bloodstain on it that had been there for more than 300 years.
9. In this sitting room, where a fractious invalid is recovering from a broken leg, are 27 volumes of Balzac which he uses as missiles to throw at his servant.
10. In this billiard room a family has set up an amateur theatre in the absence of the head of the house.

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Another Toughie by Mr. Cain

PAST ALL DISHONOR. By James M. Cain. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 233 *pp.* $2.

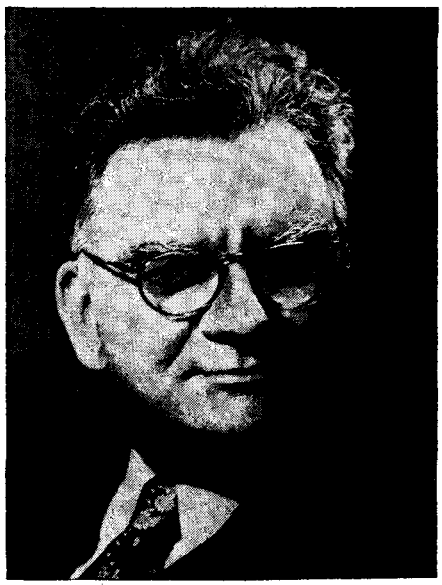
Reviewed by JAY ADAMS

IN 1934, after fourteen years as an extraordinarily successful reporter and editorial writer, James M. Cain found time to do what so few newspaper men ever manage. He wrote a book. What's more, "The Postman Always Rings Twice" was a good novel. There was something in it of Hemingway's virility, a little of Dos Passos's discerning eye, but it was tougher and more facile and less significant than either of those near-giants, and, almost immediately, there was a Cain school of writing, a series of novels about people who spoke in short, ugly sentences and who made love often and with sometimes embarrassing passion. But only W. R. Burnett came even close to the master—or has since. "The Postman" was a story about people known to most of us only through the reading of tabloids, an anemic and ambitious waitress, her middle-aged husband, and a cheaply handsome wanderer who stopped at their roadside service station. There was a murder and thievery and suggested sex, but, actually, "The Postman" was an amazingly moral book. The price for the crimes committed was high.

In a moment of surprising foresight, Hollywood bought the rights to the novel, but it was not until last year that someone found the courage to film the story, and when Cain's "Serenade" reached the screen it was, understandably, unrecognizable. It even took a while for the little men who make movies to recognize the wonderful possibilities of "Mildred Pierce."

Since "The Postman" Cain has, however, spent most of his time basking in the California sunshine and under the klieg lights, writing only an occasional novel, but those few with the old flair, almost all of them concerned with cheap little people caught up by events they can neither understand nor control.

"Past All Dishonor," Cain's latest novel, is typical, not so good as his best, not to be compared with "Double Indemnity," for example, but still with his wonderful ability to convey excitement plus a rare knack for spinning a good yarn plus excellent writing, a combination that makes it essential to read the book in one sitting. As a matter of fact, the story itself is a revised version of "The Postman," with an historical twist.



—*Melbourne Spurr*

James Cain has "a wonderful ability to convey excitement plus a rare knack for spinning a good yarn."

Roger Duval was born in Annapolis and was graduated from St. John's, and when he came West, he had a certain job to do for the cause he believed right, that of the Confederacy. The time was the middle 1860's. He might have accomplished his mission if he hadn't met a young woman whose profession was immediately obvious to everyone except him—Morina Crockett, born in Mobile, later of New Orleans and Caracas, Venezuela. Roger followed Morina from California to Virginia City, and in that fabulously bawdy frontier town forgot his cause and began a career of murder and thievery and pillage, as might have been expected of a Cain character. There are many deaths, so many that this particular reader lost count around page 127. But, then, a lot of people were being killed in the frontier communities of Nevada in those days.

Perhaps "Past All Dishonor" will not become a best-seller. For one thing, it certainly does not fit into the tradition of historical novels of the last few (and very long) publishing years. It can easily be lifted with one hand,. and the type of its 233 pages can be read with the naked eye. Then, too, its heroine has only one real lover, although in most other ways she and Amber St. Claire would have found much in common.

To be sure, Cain has not written an important book. If we are lucky, he never will. He will continue to agree with Somerset Maugham who, in a recent speech at the Library of Congress, dared say that the pur-

The Barn-Elm

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

THERE has not been the sound of a hoof
For forty years under this roof,
Not a solitary sound of a cud
Turning red clover into red blood.

No hens have made gilt fogs in the litter
Scratching up corns with the golden glitter,
No little pigs for forty years now
Have pressed the keyboard along a sow.

No hay upstairs in umber mows,
Rust has reddened harrows and plows,
The barn houses only waifs and thieves,
Mice, silky swallows under the eaves.

Yet life was here once beautifully,
And if you doubt it, there is the tree,
A tree like a universe, tall as pride,
Covers the barn, white side to side.

No tree could reach such beauty and size
Without a century of sunflower eyes,
The hoofed, the cleft, the three-toed feet,
Hay falling from heaven for beasts to eat.

A hundred horses, a thousand hens
Escaped the stalls, escaped the pens,
Escaped the fact that they must die,
Rose in green arches on the sky.

Now here they are, cascading branches,
Laces of twigs by avalanches,
Singing hens turned to singing boughs,
An elm tree built of horses and cows.

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pose of a novelist was to be a "story-teller."

Cain is a superb story-teller; his pages breathe excitement rather than life, but, for a pleasurable evening, that's enough. Perhaps his writing tools have been somewhat dulled by his years in Hollywood; his hero seemed too beautifully blond, his heroine too darkly handsome, but, while the cautious men who operate the studios are spending months, maybe years, trying to make Roger and Morina more chemically pure, a great many of us will have spent a few exhilarating weeks in that unbelievably noisy and pushing town, Virginia City.

Meantime, James Cain might, while waiting for the six or more adapters to dress up his script, turn out another novel or two. Half a dozen in more than twelve years is not nearly enough for a writer of Cain's skill. One a year should be the very minimum.

Four Men 25 Years Apart

FOUR MEN. By Paul Fox. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 537 pp. $3.

Reviewed by PHILIP WYLIE

THE structure of this novel is so arbitrary, so synthetic, that if it is to be regarded as Art, no magazine serial writer need ever blush again. Its language is of that sort which, by near misses in the attempt at fine phrase, often makes the reader aware of the author's effort. Yet the book is interesting and worth attention.

At its beginning, in 1918, the "four men" are summoned one by one to the deck of the submarine on which they serve. After each is introduced, they embark on a thirty-six-hour shore leave which involves a drab and a drunken dinner. At dinner they promise to meet in the same place twenty-five years later. To give that pledge impetus, the author then causes the submarine to be rammed and sunk; our four protagonists are among the nine survivors. About five hundred pages later—and a quarter of a century to the day (in 1943, that is)—they all do meet in the self-same restaurant.

The device compelling their association is an old one; the sub is another Grand Hotel, a Bridge of San Luis Rey—it was corny when Virgil used it. But, unembarrassed, Mr. Fox goes on to borrow many another stereotype. The four young men happen to represent four classes of Americans. One is very rich; one is mom-pampered and middle-class; one is desperately poor; one is poor and a Jew besides. Again, in trying to present what the publishers call "a kaleidoscopic, astringent and penetrating picture of life in America from 1918 to 1944," Mr. Fox has predetermined that all these four young men shall achieve in fact the dream of their youth only to fail abysmally—and in time for the re-encounter at the end of the story.

The rich boy becomes a Hollywood art director and almost an artist, but lust and laziness, ladies and liquor undo him. The nice boy becomes a minister; honesty undoes *him* so that he deserts his family to write inflamed, enfeebled prose in a Manhattan garret. The boy bred in Dickensian poverty struggles for a medical diploma only to be done in by an impracticality so great it resembles sin; he winds up a yogin living on charity. The Jewish boy—first a Red, then a liberal play producer and self-made rich man——welshes on his lifetime belief and, done out of self-respect, declines in vapid hypochondria.

During that quarter-century of career and collapse, the four men never assemble, though one sometimes encounters another, often by the most shameless coincidence. (Mr. Fox doesn't mind that strategem, either!) Their stories, in consequence, make separate short novels; a good two thirds of each is a solid, biographical sketch; and they are in no sense "woven" together but merely interstrewn.

Other consummate faults appear in this work. It is not, as the publishers claim, a picture of life in its period. It is a series of figures stripped of background, if interiors be excepted. What America was thinking, doing, saying, wearing, or worshiping—all this is missing. Who swam the channel? Who flew the Atlantic? Who was singing what song? The characters seem oblivious to the facts of landscape and event save in the most generalized sense. Memories are nil. Mr. Fox also furnishes a classic example of the writer drunk with the power of a single word—"obscurely" is used to modify at least a hundred adjectives. The effect is like that of water dripping from a tap; a thoughtful blue pencil could have stopped it.

What is there, then, to recommend the book?

First, in spite of his self-imposed handicaps, Mr. Fox ably transmutes his four types into four definite individuals.

But it is the insight—perhaps the unconscious intuition—of the author which sustains this book through every passage of its mechanical structure. Although Mr. Fox frequently protests against the economic and social causes of the fate he has designed for his characters, it can be clearly seen that they cause their own. Each one is presented with opportunities which, seized bravely and with high principle, would have spared him from his middle-aged catastrophe. And the moral of a tale told four times is that Americans have no morals.

That is a possibility which has lately become evident. Numerous persons now perceive that no social or economic rearrangement of people who are intrinsically of great pretense and minuscule performance will save them from themselves. And if young Americans on board the battle-vehicles of the recent war—rich, average, poor, or persecuted—have no more integrity than these veterans of the war before, our national history will doubtless be the vainest, briefest yet. Mr. Fox does not say as much in words. But he has set himself among the few who have written truly psychological novels—the few who have bothered to learn the known laws of human nature before speculating upon the workings of it. Most of his prose masters and most of his readers need such orientation. For at the end of the book, as the author does say, the four men—wrecked to the point of absurdity—have every outward appearance of success and culture—distinction, even. This is the mirror into which Sinclair Lewis has been peeping; Mr. Fox takes quite a squint.

Paul Fox's insight—or "unconscious intuition—. . . sustains this book through . . . its mechanical structure."

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Helpful Stephen Bonsal

SUITORS AND SUPPLIANTS. By Stephen Bonsal. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1946. 288 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by EDGAR SISSON

STEPHEN BONSAL, grand old reporter, merely nodded in salutation to his eighty-first birthday last March, and then went on correcting the proofs of "Suitors and Suppliants," the third valuable book of American history he has published in barely three years. The second, coming between this and his other major work, "Unfinished Business," was a concise little volume of tribute to France for its aid to young America in the Revolutionary War.

In "Suitors and Suppliants" he further reveals the behind-the-scenes story of the Paris Peace Conference of 1918-19 as he set it down, episide by episode, in the confidential journal he kept at the request of President Wilson and Colonel Edward M. House for their joint daily reference. In "Unfinished Business" he held himself to the matters that concerned his two chiefs. But the diary held much more. It contained the scenes in which he himself acted as the representative of Colonel House as the initial receiver of the officials of many countries and would-be countries when they made their suits and brought their plaints to the place where they had most hope, the place where the Americans sat, literally the office of Colonel House, who could, if he wished, and he often did, get them a hearing by the President himself.

But the way to House, for most of the suppliants, led first to Bonsal, who had not only the lifelong knowledge of many of their homelands, but who also spoke their languages. House spoke only English. First to listen, then to make appointments, then to go with the suitors to House and interpret back and forth, then like as not to repeat the performance before the President, and finally to take on the task of following all developments and carrying the decisions, frequently disappointing, back to the pleaders! What a brain-and-body strain all through the months! Only a strong and patient man could have borne the load.

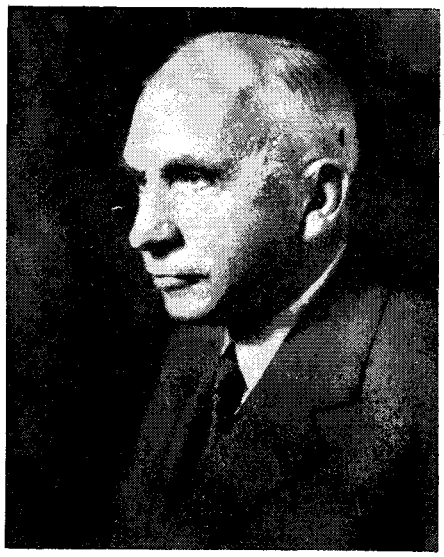
So Stephen Bonsal can be seen now as historically a more important figure at the Peace Conference than he has hitherto allowed himself to be viewed. For the decision to stay in the background was his own. When Wilson was an invalid and Bonsal called on him at the White House, his former chief asked him why he was not writing and gave him permission to use the diary material as he saw fit. Yet even with that blessing Bonsal did not act. He looked at the seething bitterness all around him and concluded that the time for his words had not yet come. The illuminating "Unfinished Business" was published only in 1943, when Bonsal evidently felt it obligatory to press home the lesson that the peace World War I had left unfinished must not be lost again at the end of World War II.

That determined motive appears again throughout "Suitors and Supliants." Many of the present problems, too, are shown to be the same as they were at the Peace Conference, some of them no nearer settlement now than they were then. They range from the opposing nationalistic demands of the Zionist Jews and the Arabs to the conflicting claims of Italy and Jugoslavia for ports on the Adriatic; from Polish expectations and dissensions to the thorny attitude of Russia.

Bonsal, fortunately, had his rewards to lighten his toil as spokesman. He was host to heroes as well as to bargainers. Lawrence of Arabia brought Emir Faisal to him and helped as formal interpreter until the talks could go ahead in French, where the Emir was as much at ease as they. Different from others, Faisal came not as suppliant but as a demander. To Bonsal and House and to Wilson, to whom they took him, he said, "The aim of the Arab nationalist movement is to unite the Arabs into one nation. We believe that our idea of Arab unity in Asia is justified beyond argument." Someone, not House or Bonsal, counseled Lawrence as interpreter to soften the words. Lawrence refused.

Bonsal recorded that Wilson admired the tall, fine looking Emir and said afterwards, "Listening to the Emir, I think I hear the voice of liberty and, I fear, a stray voice coming from Asia."

It was a stray voice, a lost voice. The French got the mandate over Syria. Faisal returned to the Damascus he and Lawrence and Allenby had won by arms, defied the French, and held the city until heavy artillery shelled him out. He retreated to his kingdom of Iraq. In a few years he died. Lawrence, when Britain would not live up to the agreements he had made, sank his identity into that of Private Shaw, published "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," assuring him of lasting fame, and died in a motor-



"Stephen Bonsal can be seen now as historically a more important figure at the Peace Conference [1918-19]."

cycle accident. Faisal and he were gone from their fields of victory and defeat. Today Ibn Saud speaks for the Arabs, not so eloquently but with pertinacity. The old issue still lives. Bonsal, in his notes, gives the later sequences.

The Zionist delegation, headed by Dr. Weitzman, went directly before the Council, and Bonsal saw little of the leaders. But he took under his wing the venerable Ben Israel, who came from Cracow to make a Biblical plea for the restoration of Palestine to the Jews. The old man touched his heart, and he mourned when death ended the patriarch's efforts. In 1924 Bonsal added a note, "The problem that the Balfour Declaration raised still defies solution." He might as well have dated it 1946.

Prince Saionji, the elder statesman who headed the Japanese delegation, kept himself so secluded that the Paris newspapers doubted his presence. Baron Makino always appeared for him. But the Prince sent a luncheon invitation to Bonsal and they talked together in French. Oddly, Bonsal thought at first, the Prince made the suggestion that Russia be given the control of the Dardanelles. Light came to the diarist, however, as he dwelt upon the conversation, and he wrote that the Prince evidently wanted to keep Russia busy in Europe, to the ease of Japan in Asia.

The Koreans came also to Bonsal, and he gave them both sympathy and all the aid within his power. He had served in Korea as an American diplomat. The Paris attempt failed completely. Korea's independence is still not fully assured.

Bonsal contributes only one confidential Wilson communication to those he has given previously. That

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one revelation, however, will be a blow to those who have asserted that Wilson and House did not work in unison after the former returned to Paris in March, 1919, from his trip to the United States. On May 17, 1919, the President "paid a long visit to House" and the two put their heads together over a memo of instructions for Bonsal to take to the United States. They then called him in to aid in the composition of the important document. Bonsal's mission was to use the memo among Wilson supporters in the Senate to give them a further basis of argument for the Peace Treaty, and to show the President's views exactly.

"Emphasize," wrote the President, "that the Treaty is not intended merely to end this war. It is intended to prevent all wars. It seeks the redemption of weak nations and not the aggrandizement of the strong. I claim that we have secured world-wide endorsement of the fundamental American principle that nobody has the right to impose sovereignty upon anybody else; that every people must be its own master." He said that his favorite Article of the Covenant was Article XI, and continued, "This article says that any and every question that affects the peace of the world is everybody's business and that it is the friendly right of any nation to bring before the League any problem that is likely to disturb the peace of the world or the good understanding between nations upon which future peace depends—whether the problem concerns the nation that rings the alarm bell or whether it is merely a matter of general concern." What counsel could be more appropriate to the situations that face the United Nations now!

The last word from the President came to Bonsal through House: "Tell him that no more changes in the Treaty will be considered. Here I am. Here I have dug in."

Bonsal, quickly away, wrote on his arrival in New York, May 30, 1919: "I wonder what will happen in the stormy days ahead."

In "Unfinished Business" he told how he carried out the Washington mission faithfully, but the memo of instructions now reaches the public for the first time.

In July, 1920, House told him that the President had used the Bonsal daily journal as source book for his speeches around the country in the autumn of 1919. Bonsal, gone into his long silence, was content for the time being. He had done his part as best he knew. He could only hold himself in readiness for a future in which his words from the past might be helpful. They are.

Requiem

LAST CHAPTER. By Ernie Pyle. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1945. 150 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by MERLE MILLER

THE last time I saw Ernie Pyle was at the bar of the Scribe Hotel in recently liberated Paris. He was drinking champagne cocktails; all of us were, a lot of them, too many of them, because it was Paris and because that was the thing to do then.

Pyle looked very tired, and older than I remembered, and he was going home. "I guess I've had it," he said, simply and without apology. It had been a long time since he had covered those November 1942 landings in North Africa, a war of almost constant combat for Ernie, through Tunisia, in Sicily and Italy, through Normandy, and now to the most coveted goal of all. What really finished him, he said, was the disastrous and accidental bombing by our Air Forces of the 30th Division, the bombing in which Lt. Gen. Leslie R. McNair had been killed. "Those things happen," he said, "but that was about the worst thing I've ever been through."

—*George Biddle*

Ernie Pyle, "a thin, gray, quiet little man who loved them [GI's]. And whom they loved back."

And so Ernie went home, "not because I'm homesick, but because I just about have to." And the infantrymen in Europe were glad, as infantrymen always were when someone they liked had some rare and unexpected stroke of luck. "I'm glad," a combat medic wrote to *Yank* when Ernie's departure was announced. "He's seen enough of it, and I'm glad he's leaving."

But, of course, Pyle couldn't stay home; he'd known that in Paris. He *had* to go to the Pacific, not for any reason he could explain fluently; he was not a fluent man, except on his typewriter; he simply felt a sense of obligation to the hundreds of thousands of men in the Pacific; he had to find out what it was like out there, not so much for himself as for the men and for the people back home, the mothers and fathers who had written urging him to go.

In "Last Chapter" is Ernie Pyle's brief story of the Pacific war as he saw it, brief because he was not there long, because death, as he had long suspected it would, caught up with him. Ernie was really an infantryman, and he had the sense of fate shared by all fighting men, men who know that their luck must eventually and inevitably run out.

When, in February 1945, Ernie was on the West Coast, waiting for the plane that would take him to the Pacific, there was a delay of a few days, and, he writes, "I welcomed every one of them with a big embrace." And even the brief interlude in quiet, far-from-the-war Honolulu he treated as "another reprieve."

But, finally, Ernie came to the war again, a war that, to his surprise, was much like that in Europe. There were the same weapons, the same endless days and never-ending nights. And, most important, the same "solemn, bearded, dirty, drooping, weary old men," the GI Joes whom he had written about so often and whom Bill Mauldin had made his heroes. Mauldin, still in Europe, was having some trouble with one or two of the higher-ranking brass at the time, and Pyle may have heard about it, because he had a picture taken of those men to prove to "the people back home" that Mauldin had not exaggerated.

In "Last Chapter" Pyle tells about his days on Guam, describes the huge B-29 armada he saw there, tells about his short mission, not to Japan, because "I don't believe in people going on missions unless they have to, and the pilots agreed with me"; describes a few days on a flat-top with the fleet, a small carrier because the smaller ships, unlike their giant sisters, "had had very little credit and almost no glory, and I've always had a sort of yen for poor little ships that have been neglected."

Pyle was with the Marines when, on Easter Sunday 1945—called Love-Day rather than D-Day because of some surprising and ironic military caprice—they made that deceptively easy landing on Okinawa. Ernie felt

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as he had in Europe, as men always feel when they approach a beachhead, "miserable, and an awful weight was on my heart. There's nothing whatever romantic in knowing that an hour from now you may be dead."

Ernie covered the beginning of the battle for Okinawa, almost always with the enlisted men. His description of a night in a three-man foxhole there is almost unbearably realistic and tells, more than any other single piece of prose I happen to have read, what the war was like to those who actually fought it. But Ernie apologizes because it wasn't "a very warlike night to describe, but there are a lot of things besides bullets that make war hell," including the mosquitoes that sounded like flamethrowers, the fleas, the rustling in the nearby bushes that might have indicated a Jap, the three packs of cigarettes he smoked, the conviction that morning would never, never return.

When the news of Ernie's death reached Europe, we were still recovering from the shock, a few days before, of the death of Franklin Roosevelt. But news of the new tragedy traveled fast, and even before most of us had seen *The Stars and Stripes* or listened to the radio, everyone knew. You'd meet somebody and begin, "Have you heard—?" "Yeah," you'd be interrupted, "yeah, I know." You both knew what the other meant. You'd expected it, somehow; it wasn't a surprise, but there it was, and you wanted to go somewhere and be alone for a little while, just to think about what it meant that Ernie was dead.

Ernie Pyle's "Last Chapter" is a perfect and essential companion to his earlier books, "Here Is Your War" and "Brave Men." In it there is nothing particularly new, no revelations of what Ike said to Winnie at this or that cocktail party, no top-secret revelations of inter-Allied squabbles at the very much higher echelon level, no reckless charges of neglected responsibility among the generals. In fact, there is nothing at all about generals; Ernie seldom discussed anyone above the rank of captain. This just happens to be the last chapter of a man who wrote about and understood the nameless men who fought and swore and scratched and died and won a war. Maybe the military historian will not find it particularly useful, but so long as they survive, thousands of veterans will read and reread it, because here is a record of their war, written by a thin, gray, quiet little man who loved them. And whom they loved back.

Man With One Idea

THE GOOD FIGHT. By Manuel Luis Quezon. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1946. 336 pp. $4.

Reviewed by JAMES P. WOOD

MANUEL QUEZON, who spent his life fighting for Philippine independence, did not live to see his country the independent republic that it will become on July 4 of this year. Dying at Saranac Lake August 1, 1944, he did not live even to see it freed from Japanese occupation. Guam had been retaken just before his death, and American carrier planes were sinking Japanese coastal vessels off the coast of Mindanao, but General MacArthur and his liberating forces did not land on Leyte until October 20, 1944.

Before he died, however, the man who "will be remembered by his people with the same respect and veneration that we in the United States have for the name of George Washington," as, with some point, President Roosevelt said on Quezon's death, dictated in English all but three chapters of his autobiography. The remaining three were composed by old friends from notes and conversations.

Manuel Quezon's autobiography is an important book not only as the life story of a famous and colorful man who exerted a distinct influence on present-day history, but as, in large part, the political story of the Philippines since its last days as a Spanish possession. The author says accurately in his preface: "The following pages—showing my life as a rebel against, and as a supporter of, the United States—are more than mere accounts of my personal experience. They, in effect, portray the struggle of the Filipino people in their quest for freedom, first against then in support of the great republic of North America."

—Press Association, Inc.

Manuel Luis Quezon "'will be remembered by his people . . . with the same veneration we . . . have for George Washington.'"

The timeliness of this book's appearance is apparent. But a few weeks ago the voters of the Philippines elected the man who will be the first president of the new republic. Legislation to give the coming Philippine Republic preferential markets in this country and to aid in restoration of the badly war-damaged islands is in process. Had he lived, Manuel Quezon might well have been the first president of the Philippine Republic as he was the first president of the Commonwealth, and he would have had an active part in pushing all United States legislation favorable to the Philippines.

Both of Manuel Quezon's parents were school teachers in the primitive village of Baler, where he was born in 1878. It was difficult for them to send their son to the College of San Juan de Letran in Manila. The journey took a week through country infested with Ilongot head-hunters and brigands who later killed his father and brother. Quezon had to manage his own way through the law course which he took at the University of San Tomas. By this time the fiery youth, small and fragile in appearance but as convinced and determined then as all through his career, was already a rebel against constituted authority.

He became a rebel after early realization that "we Filipinos were treated as inferiors and my racial pride was deeply hurt," and after a personal collision with the Spanish authorities in Baler. When at San Tomas he met Sergio Osmena; they joined in leadership of the Nacionalista, Osmena heading the party from 1907 to 1922, when they differed and Quezon seized the party leadership.

In 1899 Quezon joined the forces of Aguinaldo, serving first as a staff officer, then as a guerilla under General Mascardo. In 1901 he surrendered on orders to discover whether Aguinaldo was really an American prisoner. His description of his life during this period is one of the most vivid parts of his autobiography. After several months in prison, Quezon was released, suffered a nervous breakdown, began the practice of law in Manila and Tabayas province, and by 1903 was prosecuting attorney of Tabayas. Then he saw that the freedom lost by fighting America might be won by coöperating with her. "The idea flashed

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through my head that I might renew the same fight by peaceful means, by taking active part in the political field." He was elected governor of Tabayas in 1905.

The rest of "The Good Fight" is a history of Manuel Quezon as he moved from one political office to the next higher. Quezon saw his life in those terms and so wrote of it. It is this that gives "The Good Fight" something of the appearance of a life told not in full but in outline. The answer is that his life was almost completely identified with his political career and his driving purpose of obtaining complete independence for the Philippines. His story is thus little adorned by the anecdotes and departures that give many biographies and autobiographies their warmth and fulness. "The Good Fight" has instead the clarity that comes from the decisive mind of the man of direct action. It has none of the subtleties of the political philosopher or of the mind and emotions of any man who has more than a single predominant interest that keeps his life relatively uncomplicated by other strains.

Quezon and his party stood for immediate, absolute, and complete Philippine independence. He believed he could achieve this through coöperation with the United States. In every post, though forced (often enough) to temporize, he fought to obtain this end. As Resident Commissioner to the United States from 1909 to 1916, as President of the Philippine Senate from 1916 to 1934, as the first President of the Philippine Commonwealth which was established in 1934, he used every means possible to speed Philippine independence.

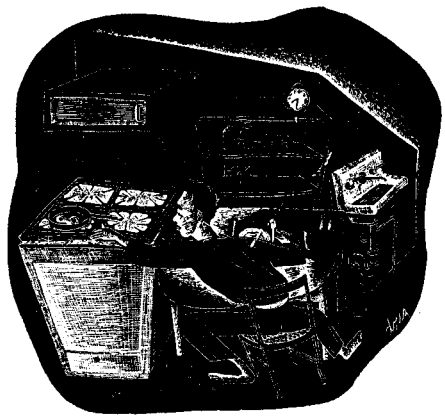
The portions of his autobiography that deal with his life in Washington show how thoroughly he worked as representative and lobbyist. He makes his comments on the national figures whom he knew. Naturally he liked best and admired most those who agreed with his ideas and aided in his realization of them. He liked Wilson better than McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, or Taft, all of whom stood for more gradual freeing of the Philippines from American control. Under Harding and Coolidge he could accomplish little. He had naturally little to praise in Governor General Leonard Wood. He found much to admire in Governor General Henry L. Stimson, whom he helped persuade to accept the position, just as later he persuaded General MacArthur, who has written the introduction to the book, to become Military Adviser to the Philippine Commonwealth at the conclusion of his term as Chief of Staff of the United States Army.

In another aspect, "The Good Fight" is definitely a public man's statement for the record. Seemingly candid at times, it is yet politic throughout. There are no startling revelations. There is no discussion of the ways and means by which Quezon gained his ends and maintained his position as the political leader of his people. Always militant, an avowed believer in the one-party system, he was undoubtedly an adroit politician, making full use of his influence, powers of persuasion, and the strong centralized government which he built around him and firmly ruled. He says only, early in his story, bluntly and with some pride: "I have never been defeated in any of the innumerable political battles I have gone through. People, I think, are more indulgent of the weaknesses and mistakes of public men if they avow them candidly."

It was undoubtedly Manuel Quezon's decision, reached while he underwent the siege at Corregidor in the wheel-chair to which his illness had confined him, and his influence, that kept the Philippines in the war and actively engaged against the Japanese. There was the time when Quezon, watching the sacrifice of his men on Bataan, had to decide whether it would not be better to surrender and accept the immediate independence promised by the Japanese. He decided otherwise, without hesitation.

Evacuated to Australia with General MacArthur and then to the United States, where he landed in Washington in May of 1942, Quezon became here the very symbol of Philippine independence. Sergio Osmena, who as Vice President of the Commonwealth accompanied Quezon to Washington, succeeded him as President. Manuel Roxas was left on Corregidor with full powers as Executive Secretary to the President. For newly elected President Roxas, Quezon reserves the most effusive praise accorded in "The Good Fight," calling him one of the most outstanding Filipino leaders and writing General MacArthur after he knew that Roxas had fallen into Japanese hands, "If Roxas has been murdered he is the greatest loss the Filipino people have suffered in this war. He can't be replaced, and I don't know how long before the race will produce another Manuel Roxas."

The value of "The Good Fight" as a contemporary document need hardly be emphasized. Single-minded, intense, Manuel Quezon was a force in world history. The strange impression comes in reading parts of this autobiography that the man was more nearly a swift-moving, relentlessly determined, almost abstract quality than an individual.



A Fig for Functionalism

By Benjamin Melnitsky

CHROMIUM-PLATED and stainless steel,"
The ads proclaim with endless zeal;
"Your post-war kitchen will save you steps
In washing dishes and crêpe-ing suzettes."

"Needless steps are now outdated,
The 'good fight's' over, for this you've waited;
Kitchen equipment toes the functional mark,
Makes meal preparation a song and a lark."

Yet, here in my kitchen crowded and jammed
Where nothing is functional, nothing planned;
I breakfast, I supper, I dinner, I dine,
And never move from this chair of mine.

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Dictator on Our Doorstep

BLOOD IN THE STREETS: The Life and Rule of Trujillo. By Albert C. Hicks. With an introduction by Quentin Reynolds. New York: Creative Age Press. 1946. 230 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by WENZELL BROWN

IN "Blood in the Streets," Albert Hicks has traced in stark, simple prose the rise of a cowardly horse thief and bungling forger to one of the most wealthy, powerful, and dangerous men in the Western hemisphere today. This is the first unsubsidized life of Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, dictator of the Dominican Republic, whose supreme megalomania caused him to put up a gigantic neon light sign over the oldest city in the Americas, Santo Domingo, which read "God and Trujillo."

The brutal mass killings of 15,000 Haitians by Trujillo's troops in 1937 roused American writers and editors to momentary condemnation of Trujillo, but in the vaster tragedies of Europe we forgot the horror at our own back door. There are daily murders in the streets of the Dominican Republic and repeated massacres occur on the Haitian frontier, but the slaughter has gone on for so long that editors now say, "It's an old story," and shrug their shoulders.

Meanwhile Trujillo spreads the virus of fascism throughout the Caribbean. His vast wealth is used to buy up newspapers, to hire publicity experts, to corrupt American statesmen. Although our nominal ally in the war, Trujillo financed violent anti-American demonstrations in Puerto Rico, gave protection to Axis agents, and fueled German submarines in Dominican waters. And while he did this American lend-lease funds poured into the Dominican Republic and helped make Trujillo one of the richest men in the world.

The United States has played ball with Trujillo and we cannot escape a part of the responsibility for the babies starved in cattle-producing Santo Domingo, nor for the machine gunning of school children, nor the tortures inflicted on every lover of democracy in the Dominican Republic.

A few months ago Germans were forced to view moving pictures of war crimes for which they were responsible. It is too bad that "Blood in the Streets" cannot be used in the same way. Every United States Congressman should be compelled to read it and every member of our Departments of State and Interior. Mr. Hicks has been very sparing in the naming of Americans who have coöperated in the sixteen-year reign

of terror that has overtaken the Dominican Republic, but he is to be congratulated in his direct accusations against Trujillo's "greatest friend in America," who is none other than Hamilton Fish.

Mr. Hicks has avoided all melodrama in a narrative which contains more sensational material than the life of Al Capone. Indeed he has whittled down the story to bare bone, weighing his information with great care and discarding all that he cannot prove. Mr. Hicks has performed a public service which requires great personal courage. Without doubt he will be the victim of a tremendous smear campaign. I myself have recently returned from the Dominican Republic, where I witnessed the abject fear of a proud people, saw Trujillo's henchmen at work, and checked Bert Hicks's statements as objectively as possible. I have found no single case of exaggeration and only in the most minor details do my findings fail to coincide with his.

Quentin Reynolds has provided an excellent introduction to the book. Here he outlines the pleasant reception which Trujillo grants visiting journalists or celebrities. Banquets and dances are given in their honor, and they are escorted through the streets of the ancient capital of Santo Domingo, which has been renamed Trujillo City, to view the public buildings which the dictator has erected in his own honor and to his own profit. There are no beggars in the streets, for they have been rounded up and either been sent out of the city or exterminated. Everything looks good on the surface. The writer is heaped with honors and sounded out for bribes. If he is amenable, he may leave as a paid agent of Trujillo; otherwise he is given warning that any statement against the dictator will unleash the power of Trujillo's well-oiled propaganda machine against him.

Trujillo's penetration into American territory has been highly successful. He controls two of Puerto Rico's largest newspapers. His hired killers have stalked their victims in the streets of Manhattan, where they murdered Sergio Bencosme and have made attempts on the lives of other Dominicans in exile. Neither has Trujillo hesitated to kill American citizens, the most notorious case being that of the Catholic priest, Father Barnes. The dictator has spokesmen in high positions in Washington and has used all the machinery of the good-neighbor policy to perpetuate his own power.

Recently an anonymous donor presented to thousands of American libraries beautifully bound editions of Trujillo's life, written by one of the dictator's paid agents. Wherever such a book is found, "Blood in the Streets" should be placed on the shelf by its side. No two records of a man's life could be more diametrically opposed. Unfortunately for Trujillo, any probing into sources of material will indicate the complete accuracy of Mr. Hicks's less pretentious volume.

To all those who wish information to arm themselves against the inroads of fascism in the Americas, "Blood in the Streets" is essential reading.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 635)

RANDALL:

LINCOLN THE PRESIDENT

*Utter simplicity and restraint were . . . suffused with inspired dignity . . . He did not confine his thoughts to the dead. Rather he showed that it is only by constructive deeds of living men that the sacrifice of the dead can have value.

*Written of the Gettysburg address.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Musgrave Ritual," by Conan Doyle.
2. "A Jury of Her Peers," by Susan Glaspell.
3. "The Picture of Dorian Gray," by Oscar Wilde.
4. "The White Monkey," by John Galsworthy.
5. "The Women," by Clare Boothe.
6. "My Last Duchess," by Robert Browning.
7. "A Terribly Strange Bed," by Wilkie Collins.
8. "The Canterville Ghost," by Oscar Wilde.
9. "Marjorie Daw," by Thomas B. Aldrich.
10. "Mansfield Park," by Jane Austen.

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The Facts About Labor

THE INTERNATIONAL LABOUR MOVEMENT. By John Price. New York: Oxford University Press. 1946. 273 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by HERBERT HARRIS

FORMED in London in 1864, the International Working Men's Association was peculiarly a portent of our own times. While its membership was confined to trade unionists and their sponsors and sympathizers, it was the first organization in modern history seemingly designed to achieve world accord by fostering national differences. In this respect, the Association pre-dated the League of Nations by more than half a century, and the UN by some seventy-five years. Moreover, the Association—like its direct line descendants, such as today's International Federation of Trade Unions—was strong in ideas but weak in action. It spelled out solidarity on paper but could rarely put it into practice.

The international labor movement, which is title and theme of Mr. Price's book, has continuously issued some of the most eloquent and advanced manifestoes, declarations, and petitions ever composed by man. Its theoreticians and its activists have included everyone from Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lasalle to Jean Jaurès and Sir Walter Citrine and the earnest Austrian, Otto Bauer, whose followers died on the doorsteps of Vienna's great coöperative apartment houses in a last heroic stand against Fascism.

Yet while the international labor movement has never lacked for leadership of a very superior kind, it has always lacked an enduring base for operations. In 1914, to be sure, caulkers in a Clyde shipyard and their congeners at Kiel wanted peace and economic security and constant improvement in living standards. All this was their common denominator. They had recognized the essential identity of their objectives a year before at the Brussels Convention. But when World War I came, the English sang "God Save the King" and the Germans "Deutschland Über Alles," and the workers slaughtered each other despite all the noble resolutions extolling international brotherhood.

In short, Belgian and French and British and Norwegian and American workers are Belgian and French and British and Norwegian and American first—and internationalists afterwards. The international labor movement is handicapped by the contradiction between its global aim—that of peace and economic freedom—and the parochial reality of a planet still dominated by separate suspicious sovereignties.

Even the Red International Labor Unions fall into this nationalist category, for they are merely adjuncts of the Comintern. Whether they happen to be located in San Francisco, in Shanghai, or in Stockholm, they put loyalty to the Soviet Union above loyalty to international unionism. They give no allegiance, even if they give considerable lip service, to the nation which may chance to harbor them.

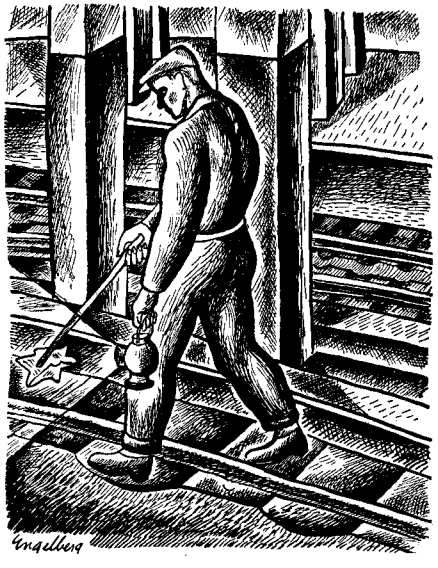
At the moment, over and above the Communist International, there are four great segments of the international labor movement:

(1) The International Federation of Trade Unions (IFTU) with twenty million members drawn from the democracies—Sweden, Norway, Denmark, the United States, Canada, France, Holland, Belgium, and elsewhere.

(2) The reviving Labor and Socialist International (LST), which consists of non-Communist leftist parties in Europe and in European possessions.

(3) The International Trade Secretariats, a kind of exchange information service between workers in the same vocation, *i.e.*, British leather craftsmen swap statistics of value with their American counterparts.

(4) The new World Federation of Trade Unions, currently promoted by the left wing of the CIO in close coöperation with the Communist section of the French Confédération Générale de Travail and other pro-Soviet units throughout Europe and Latin America.



Whatever their form, all these sodalities are at best pressure and propaganda agencies and at worst a sorry reminder of mankind's tribal manias.

Of course, the international labor movement has still other difficulties, exemplified by the fierce and constant feudings between our own AFL and CIO. The by-laws of the IFTU, for example, permit affiliation of only one central union body from each country. In 1937 the AFL, which was then clearly and incontestably the major labor alignment in America, joined the IFTU. At that time the CIO was still tentative, still considered to be a temporary secessionist group—rebels who would soon return to the AFL fold. However, at the end of World War II the AFL and CIO were further apart and more mutually hostile than during the days of their original split ten years ago. The IFTU therefore now finds itself in the embarrassing position of dealing with only some fifty per cent of organized labor in America and of excluding the five million CIO members. The AFL will not allow the CIO to sign up with the IFTU. In retaliation, the CIO is amplifying its jurisdictional war upon the AFL to global proportions by working with such Soviet attaches as Lombardo Toledano in Mexico and Maurice Thorez in France in an attempt to construct a rival world federation of labor.

In dealing with these and kindred topics, Mr. Price demonstrates that he belongs to the barebones school of social analysts. He includes much relevant information, of course. The dates are there, and the names and the places. The book is evidence of prodigious research into minutes, proceedings, and reports. Yet the result is a study in statistics—useful to the scholar and the specialist for its impressive accumulation of facts and figures but essentially soporific for the intelligent lay reader. This unnecessary dullness derives perhaps less from the subject matter than from Mr. Price's approach to his task. He has sought to record the international aspects of labor without simultaneously considering its national aspects. He therefore surveys the period between the two wars without really going into the doctrinal hair-splittings, the dry-rot bureaucracy, the personal jealousies, and the ideological antagonisms which made Italian labor a pushover for Mussolini and German labor the very ladder on which a house-painter climbed to power.

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Passionate Love and Total War

JOHN F. WHARTON

MORE and more frequently these days one hears, in serious conversation, some mention of Soren Kierkegaard. I will not hazard a guess as to whether the frequency will increase or diminish. But if you are interested in tracking down authors who admit a debt to the Danish philosopher, let me recommend a very extraordinary book, entitled "Love in the Western World," by a Swiss writer named Denis de Rougemont.

The book was published abroad in 1939, and was translated and published here in 1940. Nothing that has happened in the six intervening cataclysmic years detracts from its importance. In fact, the war and its aftermath rather heighten the thesis.

For Mr. de Rougemont asserted in 1939 that there had existed for many years a breakdown of Western society and that it was quite likely that the Second World War would not prove to be the final, nor the most destructive, convulsion of that breakdown. He also asserted that one of the prime causes of that breakdown had been almost completely overlooked. To exemplify his point he chose, as his major illustration, the concept of Christian marriage and, more astonishingly, the concept of passionate love. Furthermore, his method of treatment is as surprising as his choice of concepts.

He begins by analyzing the original myth of Tristan and Iseult (not the telescoped version of Wagner's opera). Out of this myth came the poetry of the Troubadours, and the two together are the ancestors of almost all of Western poetry and fiction. Hence the high place the Tristan story holds as a classic. But when you examine the bare story of the myth you find some very puzzling points.

Why, for example, was it necessary to introduce the magic love-potion? Since this is a myth of extraordinary passion, why must the passion be induced by external cause? Furthermore, since it was so induced, why should the lovers feel any moral guilt? Why, indeed, should the hero have still brought his beloved to King Mark? Still more astonishing is the fact that when they finally flee the court to the forest, they are depicted sleeping on separate couches, with Tristan's sword placed between them. The puzzles mount when they visit the hermit and openly deny that they love each other. Whereupon, they return to the court, Tristan marries the other Iseult, apparently knowing he will not mate with her and that he still loves the queen, thus putting himself in a position from which only death can extricate him, as it inevitably does. Lastly, just what actions in the chronicle give Tristan, who deceived his king, deserted his lady, and wrecked his wife's happiness, the proportions of a great, romantic hero?

Mr. de Rougemont has answers to all of these questions. The authors of the myth composed it with three codes of law in mind. The first was feudal law, pursuant to which, for example, Tristan was bound to complete his mission and bring Iseult

to King Mark. The other two were the code of chivalry and the canon law. In the conflict of these two lies the essence of the problem.

According to the church, an adulterer was simply a sinner, and a minor, uninteresting one at that. A man who sought his own death was a great sinner. However, the code of chivalry had quite different ideas. What is more, these ideas had their roots in a Christian heresy which the myth both extolls and conceals.

This heresy was the creed of the Cathars, and an extraordinary creed it was. They believed that God was interrupted in the work of creation and that the Prince of Darkness finished it. Man's lot on earth was made unbearable, and most unbearable of all was the fact that he was locked in the grip of carnal desire for procreation. The proper course, therefore, was to give oneself up to passion, which can only be kept at high pitch if continual obstructions to its fulfillment exist, and which, in any event, finally leads to death, after which the soul can become part of God.

It was obvious that the Cathars could not advocate these doctrines openly; indeed, they were eventually subjected to a crusade and partially destroyed and partially dispersed. The Tristan story, however, proclaimed those doctrines without saying them. On this basis the plot becomes intelligible.

The external cause (the love potion) was introduced to placate the watchful church. Since the lovers became adulterers as the result of magic duress, they could be sinners in physical fact but remain as hero and heroine. Once over that hurdle, the tale could go almost unchecked into straight Cathar doctrine. Tristan's sword is one of the obstacles, deliberately provoked, to keep passion at a high pitch. He and Iseult are not in love with each other; they are in love with passionate love. Tristan is a hero because the hero gives himself up to the frenzy of passion which is also a desire for death.

THE author, incidentally, is insistent on pointing out that the importance of this part of his thesis does not depend upon the truth of his theory. The important truth is that abandonment to passion is linked closely to the desire for death. Therefore, a society which is unable to control its drive toward passion is a society seeking its own death. He then presents historical evidence of the course of the myth and the code of chivalry in literature and in war.

He points out that when the Cathars were dispersed, they, of course, carried the myth with them. Its popularity did not decrease, but the understanding of the religious origins vanished. And, suddenly, for the first time in Judean-Christian history, the romantic adulterers became "interesting," we might almost say glamorous. The story of David and Bathsheba, for example, is told as a sombre, moral tale. Tristan and Iseult are a romantic hero and heroine. From that time on, the story of abandonment to passion (steadily watered down until it reached the boy-meets-girl plot of today) remained the major theme of Western fiction. The stern insistence of the original myth that such abandonment meant death and destruction was dissipated, then dropped overboard; it then became possible to write the passion story with a "happy ending"—the acme of meaninglessness.

While this insistence was being dissipated, marriage was becoming more and more meaningless. Originally,

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Christian marriage had sacred, social, and religious compulsions. The vow "for better, for worse, till death do us part" was religious, not intellectual. It was understood that happiness was not something to be achieved by seizing on the first passion to manifest itself, although one might tell myths about it and provide some outlet that way. But certainly passion, which requires continual obstructions to fulfillment, is incompatible with marriage till death do us part. Yet the young people of the Western world were deluged with stories, films, and plays tending to make them believe that passionate experience is *the* experience of life. Small wonder that marriage has lost all sense of direction, and, if this be true, still less wonder that the world has lost sense of direction, too.

However, the most fascinating, and perhaps most provoking, chapters are those which deal with the parallelism between the rules of passionate love and the rules of war and politics. Under the rules of chivalry (not necessarily practised in individual living) great restraint was placed on passion, the whole approach to the lady was subject to formal conventions, standard tests of success and failure were set up. Warfare, in those days, followed an identical pattern. The object was not to slaughter your enemy (the number of men killed in some historic battles was incredibly small); you seized certain vantage points; the enemy conceded that, under the rules, you had won. Marshal Saxe even declared that a truly supreme general would never have to fight a battle.

As the formal conventions of love dwindled, so did the formal conventions of war. The step-by-step story which Mr. de Rougemont sets forth may have a Procrustean tinge, but it makes remarkably convincing reading. By the twentieth century, the "formal modes" had about disappeared, and in this century we find violation of treaties, wars without formal declaration, masses of men hurled at other masses, or men operating machines designed for wholesale slaughter. When the First World War was over, it became apparent that this purposeless lawlessness would not do, and Europe devised a very curious answer.

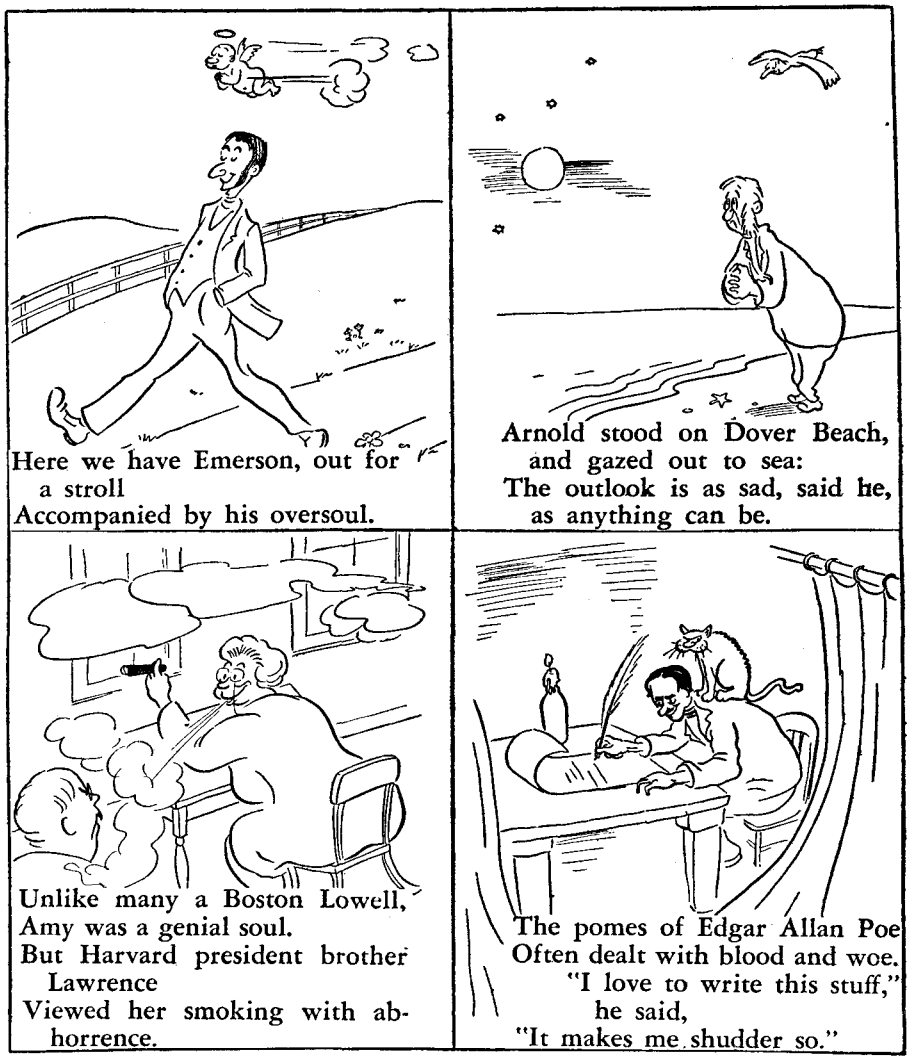
That answer was the totalitarian state. Here the opportunity of the individual to abandon himself to the frenzy of passion is strictly limited. Germans were told to marry in order to beget children. Hitler even began to specify the type of woman the man should marry. Eugenics was to knock out the confusion of passion and marriage more effectually than religion ever did. Perhaps, says the author, this will happen.

In the meantime, however, the passion of the individuals was transmuted into a collective passion of the state, incarnate in the Fuehrer. We then have mass abandonment to frenzy, cloaking mass desire for death. As a result, says Mr. de Rougemont, writing in 1939, it seems doubtful if wars can now be ended by surrender, only complete annihilation of the vanquished will do. How uncomfortably close to the truth that was, we now know; that it will be the truth in the next war seems a certainty.

What, then, is the answer? Here the author turns to Kierkegaard. Not being a student of the Dane, I found the final chapter hard to grasp, and I hope what follows does not do the author nor Mr. Kierkegaard an injustice.

It would appear, so the argument seems to run, that there is only one alternative. Reinstitute "formal conventions" based on faith which will control passion for another eight hundred years, or give up and let passion wreck the world. But there may be a third course. If mankind will voluntarily put up insuperable barriers to the fulfillment of earthly passion, they will find themselves lifted to a plane where passion ceases to be the cohort of death, but becomes divine and an aid to life. Men and women then become capable of a new and higher love which produces, both within and without marriage, a contentment far beyond any usual species of "happiness."

Let me repeat that the foregoing may be an inadequate or even misleading statement of a very difficult mystical proposition. To those who are interested I advocate a reading of the entire book. Let me also add that it is not put forward as a statement of my own personal belief. I simply feel that in a world where some philosophy which can control the lust for power is a prime necessity, every point of view should be considered. I think it was Bernard Shaw who said that only by exhausting all the incorrect hypotheses do we arrive at the right one and that, after all, the wrong road always leads us somewhere.


Here we have Emerson, out for a stroll
Accompanied by his oversoul.
Arnold stood on Dover Beach,
and gazed out to sea:
The outlook is as sad, said he,
as anything can be.
Unlike many a Boston Lowell,
Amy was a genial soul.
But Harvard president brother Lawrence
Viewed her smoking with abhorrence.
The pomes of Edgar Allan Poe
Often dealt with blood and woe.
"I love to write this stuff," he said,
"It makes me shudder so."

HITHER AND YON AMONG THE POETS with Donald Murray

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The Atomic Age

MR. CARNEGIE WRITES A LETTER

The following copy of a letter by the late Andrew Carnegie was sent to us by Beardsley Ruml with this introductory note:

"Andrew Carnegie's letter of gift to the Carnegie Peace Fund gives us a striking glimpse of the peace front as of December 14, 1910. We can realize what long steps backward the world has taken since the optimistic Scotsman handed a package of bonds to a group of eminent gentlemen with the instruction that 'when war is discarded as disgraceful to civilized men, the Trustees will please then consider what is the next most degrading remaining evil.'

"Why should not Carnegie have been optimistic in December of 1910? As he says, 'No longer do we eat our fellowmen, nor torture prisoners, nor sack cities, killing their inhabitants.' Had not an arbitration treaty with Great Britain, negotiated in 1897, failed of approval by the necessary two-thirds majority in the Senate by only three votes?

"The discussion of might and right, of national honor, of the judicial function, make sobering reading in these critical times, particularly so since the reading brings out so clearly the long road we must travel over again to get beyond the moral wreckage of two world wars, and to catch up with a third of a century of retrogression in the organization of a peaceful world community."—BEARDSLEY RUML.

[It will be obvious to the reader that Carnegie's letter also contained several plugs for his program of simplified spelling.—Editor's Note.]

December 14, 1910

GENTLEMEN: I have transferd to you as Trustees of The Carnegie Peace Fund, Ten Million Dollars of Five Per Cent. First Mortgage Bonds, the revenue of which is to be administerd by you to hasten the abolition of international war, the foulest blot upon our civilization. Altho we no longer eat our fellowmen nor torture prisoners, nor sack cities, killing their inhabitants, we still kill each other in war like barbarians. Only wild beasts are excusable for doing that in this, the Twentieth Century of the Christian era, for the crime of war is inherent, since it decides not in favor of the right, but always of the strong. The nation is criminal which refuses arbitration and drives its adversary to a tribunal which knows nothing of righteous judgment.

I believ that the shortest and easiest path to peace lies in adopting President Taft's platform, who said in his address before the Peace and Arbitration Society, New York, March 22d, 1910:

"I hav noticed exceptions in our arbitration treaties, as to reference of questions of national honor to courts of arbitration. Personaly I do not see any more reason why matters of national honor should not be

referd to a court of arbitration than matters of property or of national proprietorship. I know that is going farther than most men are willing to go, but I do not see why questions of honor may not be submitted to a tribunal composed of men of honor who understand questions of national honor, to abide by their decision as well as any other questions of difference arising between nations."

I venture to quote from my address as President of the Peace Congress in New York, 1907:

"Honor is the most dishonord word in our language. No man ever touched another man's honor; no nation ever dishonord another nation; all honor's wounds are self-inflicted."

At the opening of the International Bureau of American Republics at Washington, April 26, 1910, President Taft said:

"We twenty-one republics cannot afford to hav any two or three of us quarrel. We must stop this, and Mr. Carnegie and I will not be satisfied until all nineteen of us can intervene by proper mesures to suppress a quarrel between any other two."

I hope the Trustees will begin by pressing forward upon this line, testing it thoroly and douting not.

The judge who presides over a cause in which he is interested dies in infamy if discovered. The citizen who constitutes himself a judge in his own cause as against his fellow-citizen, and presumes to attack him, is a lawbreaker and as such disgraced. So should a nation be held as disgraced which insists upon sitting in judgment in its own cause in case of an international dispute.

I call your attention to the following resolution introduced by the Committee of Foreign Relations in the First Session, Fiftieth Congress, June 14, 1888:

> "Resolved by the Senate (the House of Representatives concurring), that the President be, and is hereby, requested to invite, from time to time, as fit occasions may arise, negotiations with any government with which the United States has or may have diplomatic relations, to the end that any differences or disputes arising between the two governments which cannot be adjusted by diplomatic agency may be referred to arbitration and be peaceably adjusted by such means." (Resolution not reached on calendar during session, but reintroduced and passed: Senate, February 14, 1890. Passed, House, April 3, 1890.)

This resolution was presented to the British Parliament, which adopted a resolution, approving the action of the Congress of the United States and expressing the hope that Her Majesty's Government would lend their ready coöperation to the Government of the United States for the accomplishment of the object in view. (Resolution of the House of Commons, July 16, 1893, For. Rel. 1893, 346,352.)

Here we find an expression of the spirit which resulted in the first international Hague Conference of 1899; the second Hague Conference of 1907; eighty treaties of obligatory arbitration between the great nations of the world, our own country being a party to twenty-three of them.

It was my privilege to introduce to President Cleveland in 1887 a Committee of Members of Parliament of Britain, hedded by Sir William Randal Cremer, in response to the action of Congress, proposing a treaty agreeing to settle all disputes that mite arise between America and Great Britain by arbitration. Such a treaty was concluded between Lord Pauncefote and Secretary Olney in 1897. It faild of approval by the necessary two-thirds majority of the Senate by only three votes.

There is reason to believ that the

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British Government has been desirous of having that treaty ratified by our Government or ready to agree to another of similar character so that President Taft's policy seems within easy reach of success. If the English-speaking race adopts such a treaty we shall not hav to wait long for other nations to join, and it will be noticed that the resolution of Congress in 1890 embraces "any government with which the United States has or may hav diplomatic relations."

If the independence and rights of nations to their respectiv internal policies were first formally recognized in such treaties, no dispute concerning these elements of soverignty could arise.

* * *

Lines of future action cannot be wisely laid down. Many may hav to be tried, and having full confidence in my Trustees I leav to them the widest discretion as to the measures and policy they shall from time to time adopt, only premising that the one end they shall keep unceasingly in view until it is attaind, is the speedy abolition of international war between so-cald civilized nations.

When civilized nations enter into such treaties as named, and war is discarded as disgraceful to civilized men, as personal war (duelling) and man selling and buying (slavery) hav been discarded within the wide boundaries of our English-speaking race, the Trustees will pleas then consider what is the next most degrading remaining evil or evils whose banishment—or what new elevating element or elements if introduced or fosterd, or both combined—would most advance the progress, elevation and happiness of man, and so on from century to century without end, my Trustees of each age shall determin how they can best aid man in his upward march to higher and higher stages of development unceasingly, for now we know that man was created, not with an instinct for his own degradation, but imbued with the desire and the power for improvement to which, perchance, there may be no limit short of perfection even here in this life upon earth.

Let my Trustees therefore ask themselves from time to time, from age to age, how they can help man in his glorious ascent onward and upward and to this end devote this fund.

Thanking you for your cordial acceptance of this trust and your harty approval of its object, I am

Very gratefully yours,
ANDREW CARNEGIE

Witness:
LOUISE WHITFIELD CARNEGIE
MARGARET CARNEGIE

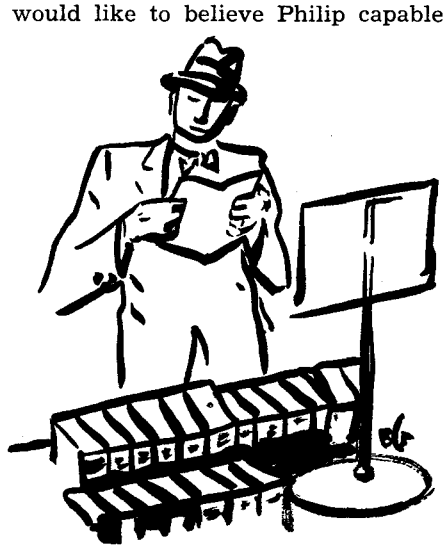
Biography on the Run

ALEXANDER OF MACEDON: THE JOURNEY TO WORLD'S END. By Harold Lamb. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 402 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by C. A. ROBINSON, JR.

HE LIFTED the civilized world out of one groove and set it in another; he started a new epoch; nothing could again be as it had been." These words of W. W. Tarn, which Lamb quotes at the outset, first appeared in the "Cambridge Ancient History" in 1927 and excite the reader to plunge on, but he is doomed to disappointment until a few pages of the last chapter are reached, when Lamb again returns to Tarn. In the interim it is hard to find the historical Alexander.

The fact is that Lamb has written what resembles a romantic biography, which is surely his privilege, but it is not fair to the public not to say so. Everything seems certain; rarely is there a problem; dialogue goes on for page after page, not a word of which can be found in the Alexander-historians, yet all the time we are building a picture of Alexander that has little to do with reality. Some of this makes good reading and I applaud Lamb's desire not to be dull, but I suspect that even that section of our population which cares little for history has outgrown the presumed naivete of the ancients. I suppose it is all right for Olympias to tell her son, "You have no more passion than a monk," though of course later on Alexander inevitably gets a yellow-haired naiad down in the mown wheat "with his arms around her and had stayed there with her, pulling his cloak over them, in the wheat field until the sunset had dimmed, so that the gardener could see no more." Most of us, however, would like to believe Philip capable of better curses than "Hell's sweet sewers," "Hell's cisterns and fish-eyes in the soup," or "By all the dog-headed tykes of hell."



It is rather sad to have a general describe one of the great new inventions of war as a "dart dingus"—little wonder that the engineer should exclaim, "I can meet any stinking test." And doubtless people will react differently to the injunction under the plan of Issus to "note similarity to modern football formation," but that was the battle which drove Asiatic power from the eastern Mediterranean for centuries.

Lamb's Note at the end of the book breathes romance, for we learn that he wrote the greater part of it in Asia during the war. His suggestion that there is some value in having been over much of Alexander's route is sheer nonsense, unless one is to be a Sir Aurel Stein and really sweat over the topographical problems (which have little enough to do with understanding Alexander the man). And he tells us how he took along the pages of an English translation of Arrian, picked up a Latin edition of Curtius on the way, found something in French at Teheran, and another something in Arabic at Baghdad, and so on. What was needed, however, was good hard work, a prolonged study of the so-called learned periodicals of the last fifteen years, an attempt to find out who among the ancient writers are to be believed and why, and how one goes about interpreting the meaning of Alexander and ancient Greece itself. Even the older literature would have told him that Alexander could not have visited the Tower of the Winds in Athens, since it was built 250 years after his death, and that Eleusis, the home of the famous Mysteries, is in Athens's back yard and not on Asia's shore.

The publisher, who apparently does not realize that we cannot all come to every biography with specialized knowledge as protection, has done a fine job of manufacturing and adds the blurb: "It is this superb interpretation of Alexander the man which makes Harold Lamb's Alexander the conqueror so real and—perhaps for the first time—so clear to the understanding of today." There are no standards of historical scholarship that I know which would justify that statement, though I am sure many will believe it, which is the greater pity, for probably Alexander is the most important European in history.

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PERSON TO PERSON

PHILANTHROPY, like business, has in recent decades constantly tended toward a merger of efforts. The day of Lady Bountiful, who bestowed her largesse as sympathy or conscience ordered, has long since gone down before the dictates of organized social service, and today the small, special charitable association is more and more combining with similar groups to form a single large community undertaking. Lowered cost of overhead, greater efficiency, and more concentrated psychological impact have proved the wisdom of substituting large-scale effort for small, while the advance of sociological science has made possible a scientific approach to problems of poverty and social ills in the light of which the old-fashioned benevolence seems sentimental and amateurish. No person or loose group of persons can by any possibility handle certain of the problems which beset the world today; they have assumed an immensity and a portentousness with which only governments can grapple, and alas, it is being demonstrated that even governments are not prepared or far-sighted enough to lift the enormous burdens which weigh upon the peoples all over the present-day world.

But if private good will cannot hope to cope with need, it can nevertheless organize to attempt alleviation of it. There has recently been started a movement to send to the English, who have so long and so uncomplainingly suffered the most rigid rationing of food, packages containing foodstuffs which are practically unobtainable under the conditions and system prevailing in their land. There has, of course, been a great deal of this sort of thing done in a desultory way ever since the onset of war, but the plan which has been put into operation by the dealers in used and rare books, at the suggestion of a member of the staff of the R. R. Bowker Company, publishers of *The Publishers' Weekly*, while retaining the personal nature of the direct interchange between individuals, yet is capable of the widest ramifications. It was the suggestion of Mr. Jacob Blanck that the some 1800 rare and second-hand book dealers of the United States be circularized and asked each to agree to send to some individual engaged in similar business in the United Kingdom a packet of food, the individual to whom it was to go to be designated either by themselves or selected from a list supplied by the Antiquarian Booksellers Association of Great Britain. The Bowker Company contributed use of the mailing list, stencils, and the labor entailed, and fifteen booksellers contributed five dollars apiece. On an amazingly small outlay of operating money nearly four hundred packages have already been sent abroad, packages which not only have supplied to their recipients a welcome change from the monotony of a sparse diet, but which actually may be considered as ambassadors of good will between England and America. For it is, after all, the personal contact which is effective in establishing good relations between peoples even though it may be governments which have to carry on the main effort to establish stable and happy conditions among them.

It is Mr. Blanck's idea that the plan he has put into successful operation in a small way could be extended until it embraced all elements of the community. He has already approached the unions in an effort to secure the coöperation of the trades and crafts, and has made the suggestion that the distribution be made not only to Great Britain but to the continent. The idea seems to us an excellent one, and one which could easily engage the efforts of the large number of women's and other organizations which, so eagerly and successfully active during the war, have either languished on in a sort of impotent good will since the conclusion of hostilities, or have turned their energies to less immediately important subjects than the relief of starving Europe. Here is a project on which they could engage with the same consciousness of valuable work as in their wartime activities, and one which if properly presented to the masses might produce large results. If these organizations were to undertake to present the plan to different groups of the community—wake the interest of the grocers, the butchers, the dressmakers, the stocking manufacturers, the brewers, the doctors, the lawyers, whoever it may be in it—what Mr. Blanck has done with the old book dealers might be initiated and carried to success in a thousand directions.

The Saturday Review has harped long and often on the subject of relief for Europe. It has denounced delay in meeting the needs of the starving, and commiserated with the plight of the less unfortunate who suffer deprivations in Great Britain, but its discussion has hitherto been general. In Mr. Blanck's plan it finds a specific project which it deems worthy of all commendation and imitation, and it puts itself squarely behind it. It still insists on the need for immediate and large-scale help from the nation, at the cost of home rationing if that is found feasible or at any other cost to our own fat living that is necessary, but nothing is enough, no matter how much it is. Here is one way to supplement whatever else is done, and to build up friendship between peoples.

A. L.

BOOTH TARKINGTON

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S death on May 19, at the age of seventy-six, removes from the literary scene a figure as authentically American and as authentically Hoosier as Monument Circle in Indianapolis or the autumn loveliness of Brown County. Tarkington was no innovator; he was as conservative in letters as he was in politics, and he never got into trouble in Boston. But he told a good story—he told many good stories—and he will go on being read as an accurate and engaging portraitist of the men and women and children of his country and his time. In "Alice Adams" he describes a hot day in Indianapolis (which city has a brand of summer peculiarly its own) which no one can read without rolling up his sleeves, unbuttoning his collar, and turning on all the electric fans in the vicinity—not so minor an achievement in artistry as it may seem in the summary. Tarkington was the only two-time winner of the Pulitzer Prize in fiction—in 1919 with "The Magnificent Ambersons" and in 1922 with "Alice Adams." Future literary historians will not set him among the titans, but they will not ignore him.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Kitty Foyle Scandal

SIR: I am stunned by Mr. M. Jeleznov's sinister revelation in your columns (May 4) that I have been credited in *Internatcionalnaya Literatura,* Moscow, with authorship of Christopher Morley's excellent novel, "Kitty Foyle." A scandal of this nature is just the kind of thing that might foul up the whole Atomic Age.

Therefore let it be known to everyone that Christopher Morley is the author of "Kitty Foyle," and that Dalton Trumbo was merely an instrument selected to garble it for the screen. Let this open confession persuade Mr. Morley to hold off a few days before accepting Jeleznov's hot-headed suggestion that he "join the Communist party and get at least some recognition." Pending final solution, I propose the following *modus vivendi*:

(1) Let someone air-mail me a translation of the piece in *Internatcionalnaya Literatura,* since I frame all puffs, deserved or otherwise. (2) Let Mr. Morley sue somebody at once. I shall be glad to stand as his witness. (3) Let Mr. Jeleznov go soak his head in a barrel of red herring. I'd be glad to witness that too.

DALTON TRUMBO.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Two "Journeys Home"

SIR: We read with pleasure in your issue of April 27th the nomination, by Beulah Amidon of *Survey Graphic,* for the Pulitzer Prize novel—if one had been awarded this year!—"The Journey Home."

But to our dismay, "The Journey Home" was listed as being by Harold Sinclair, published by Doubleday, Doran. We find that Mr. Sinclair's book "The Journey Home" was published seven years ago, and that Zelda Popkin's novel "The Journey Home," which we published last fall, is the one Beulah Amidon probably meant to honor with this nomination. If you will kindly note this correction, we will appreciate it.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.
per J. A. MCKAUGHAN.

New York, N. Y.

To the Friends of Humanity

SIR: To all my friends (I suppose I have a few) in foreign lands and in my own land, and to all friends of humanity everywhere—

I ask your forgiveness.

Not for anything that I personally have done, but for all the things that I and my compatriots have countenanced the doing of. How can I enumerate them, if they are as the sands of the sea or the pages of the *Congressional Record?* Yet out of their throng some shriek even above the din of the others.

I ask your forgiveness for the greatest atrocity of the late war or of any other war, the total destruction of two helpless cities that might have been spared if my fellow Americans had used at least the wit that a hijacker uses with a gun, posing it as a threat rather than firing it without warning. But why speak of the excesses of war? When a mountain slides it carries everything with it; in their wars, human beings slide across the wastes of history like moving mountains. What does it avail to blame the avalanche?

I ask your forgiveness for a people from whose hearts the light of individual self-sacrifice has been snuffed out. What has become of the Carrie Nations, where was the John Brown of this war? Or is it that we have our Johns and our Carries, but no one is willing to listen to them? Perhaps I should ask your forgiveness for a marvelously organized society, with scientists who tiptoe silently about their brain-beaten tasks and engineers who polish the ultimate lick of efficiency, all toward the smooth running of a vast radio station where a crew of monkeys stand at the microphone, and cause the nether millions to dance to their monkey tunes.

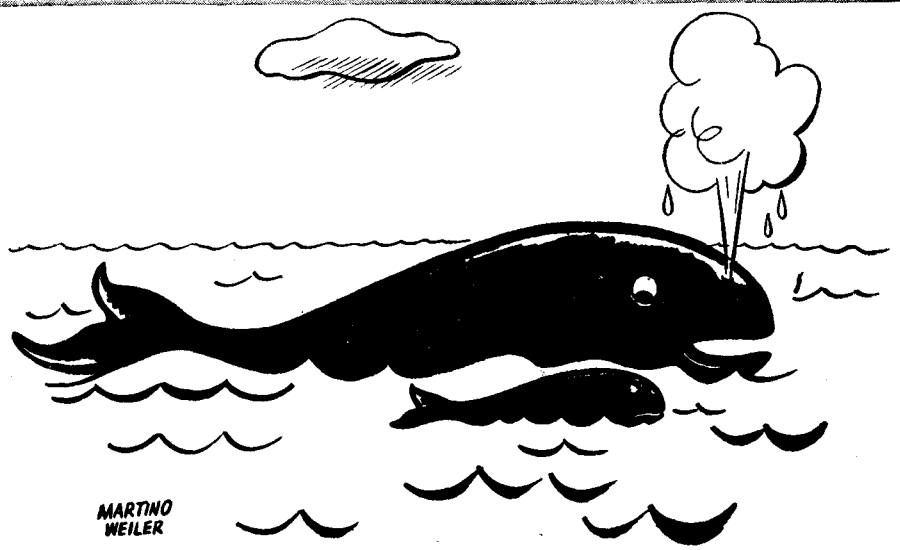
I ask your forgiveness for a century and a half of startling growth in human affairs, that promised to be the last great hope of man, that forged the most perfect instrument of potential good that the world has ever seen, which now, because of the greed and blindness of men who forget that they have children, beats out the doom of the race. I entreat you to forgive my marching brothers, who think that all young men should learn to march, march across the face of the earth, march into the sea if necessary, march in close ranks, open ranks, march, march, march. I adjure you to forgive my garnering brothers and my horse-trading brothers, who spin in ever-narrowing circles of eyes for eyes and teeth for teeth, never breaking the vicious round by taking the initiative in one great, breath-taking act of generosity toward the world. If only they could write their own epitaphs without sealing their tombs over the rest of us.

I ask your forgiveness for the cosmic luck of a pioneering folk who, though they learned from physical adversity to respect physical prowess, have not yet had to face the intricately-contrived adversities that affect a society and suck hard at the resources of intelligence. This means, my would-be forgivers, a folk whose intelligence is treated with contempt —where a scientist or a musician is a "long-hair," where predatory talents forge ahead and when successful rely upon hirelings and intellectual prostitutes to write their speeches and think their thoughts, where a serious argument is shunned as bad taste and "parson" and "college professor" are a joke.

I beg that you have it in your heart to overlook the history of levies, state and military, during the eight years just past—beginning with those years in which we wrote and spoke bravely of the "conscription of wealth," and then lapsed back into the naked conscription of lives, with wealth as sanctified and interest-bearing, even in the teeth of war, as it ever was. Most especially I adjure you to deal tenderly with an ingenious tax formula that forces me and my fellows to pay for guns shipped to China, as if we had learned nothing from scrap-iron shipped to Japan.

I ask your forgiveness for the insularity (this is cognate with "isolationism," my friends) of a folk who cannot be content with setting an example for their neighbors to follow, but must move in upon their neighbors and ram it down their throats; who feel that the imposition of a good thing is of itself good: who visited Mother Hubbards upon the South Seas and "opened" Japan to commerce and a hundred years of "progress"; who destroy cyclotrons as instruments of evil even as their ancestors burned the books of Roger Bacon; who, bemused by a dozen luck-filled decades honeymooning with a virgin continent wherein everything turned out right in the end, can see no need for insuring their continued happy endings by hard thinking inspired and led by wise and generous men.

My hands are red with the blood that I have not shed but that is being shed around me. I fear that the day may come when some nation, morally aroused as my own nation was wont



"Now, blow!'

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to be in a happier generation, will point the finger at me and say, "He deserves what he gets, for was not his tithe pooled with the two billions bent on destroying human life, not on saving it?" On that day I shall feel as the anti-Hitler German feels who today starves with the Hitlerite, expiating the sin of "not preventing" Hitler. Against that day I beg your forgiveness, my friends.

DWIGHT L. BOLINGER.

Los Angeles, Calif.

In Rebuttal

SIR: Mr. Thomas Finletter in his review of my book, "Must We Fight Russia?," in your May 4 issue did exactly what no critic should ever do: forgetting that the essential function of a critic is to be a kibitzer (friendly or hostile matters not), Mr. Finletter grabbed the pages of my book and started to make bids that I have never made and plays that I have not even dreamed of. Having thus built me up he proceeded to "demolish" me with a fatuous savagery that only a coreligionist could exhibit towards one who, though of the same dogma—and our common dogma is World Federation—believes in a different interpretation.

Here are a few choice samples of Mr. Finletter's irresistible passion for putting into the author's mind thoughts which are the exact opposite of what the author said or intended. "His (Culbertson's) premise in effect is that the world does not want to stop war because it does not want to give up its national sovereignties —and the armaments on which those sovereignties depend."

Mr. Finletter! Where, oh, where did you dig that up?

Having thus produced on my behalf a convenient premise from the bottom of his hat, Mr. Finletter now produces a perfectly logical conclusion: "Mr. Culbertson's solution is therefore not a solution at all because he bases it on the proposition that the cause of war—this nation-state anarchy which he attacks brilliantly (thanks for small favors, Mr. Finletter)—cannot now be eliminated."

Really, Mr. Finletter?

I have devoted the last six years to working through a medium of three hundred lectures, scores of articles and radio broadcasts, and three books to the proposition that aggressive war could be stopped and must be stopped on condition that the sovereign states surrender to the World Authority their national sovereignties in at least two specific matters dealing with *preparation for wars of aggression* (*rearmament*) *and acts of aggression*. In "Must We Fight Russia?" I have devoted the most important chapter (8th) to this central problem. For the question is not whether national-states should surrender their sovereignties, but how much of their sovereignty, and under what specific provisions. It is all very well for Mr. Finletter to wave a magic wand and shout: "Down with sovereignties! Hurrah for World Assembly of Peoples!" Things, as I explained in chapters 7 and 8, are not so simple. Mr. Finletter, like some other Federalists (in blindly nostalgic affection for American Federal Union and ignorant of other variants of the federative principle), seems to forget that there are other ways to skin the World Government cat and yet remain decently federal—such as our way. A World Government must be not only effective, but also tyranny-proof and acceptable in our tragic era where nationalism is the dominant force. Mr. Finletter is trying to abolish nationalism (and me) by spitting Utopian phrases into the face of national states. I am trying to distill from the poisons of nationalism an antidote to war. I believe in World Federation at least as fervently as Mr. Finletter. In fact, I am largely known for having created the only modern structure embodying the federal principle which I published in 1943 as the summary of the World Federation Plan. I want to win the Battle of Peace now, not in the twenty-first century.

But where Mr. Finletter, having violated all the rules of a well-behaved kibitzer, violates even the rules of a dibitzer* is when he states that I favor great national armaments. "The trouble with Mr. Culbertson's solution is that the political principle on which it is based is wrong. Once it is conceded that great national armaments must be kept up, any plan for a rule of world law must necessarily fail."

Here I slave and sweat in the book to produce my Quota Force Method for worldwide, permanent, effective, and politically acceptable control of all scientific armament enforced by Quota Force World Police, and Mr. Finletter turns right around to make a play in reverse English! The only thing in Mr. Finletter's review that I really liked was his statement that "when Mr. Culbertson comes to his solution he stops shaking his fist and wags his finger." It is a cute phrase and it has a moral. I like this, not because I stopped shaking my fist at the war mongers. This I will never stop. But I cannot help wagging an admonishing finger at my friend and severest critic, Mr. Finletter, for becoming my other half. And above all for stacking my perfectly good deck of cards.

ELY CULBERTSON, Pres.
World Federation, Inc.

New York City

* *A dibitzer is one who kibitzes the kibitzer.*

SIR: Mr. Culbertson's letter shows that he has not understood how far the State Department is ahead of him in this matter of disarmament. The Secretary of State's signature to the Moscow Agreement of last December committed this country to the policy of *eliminating* from national armaments all atomic weapons and other weapons of mass destruction. Mr. Culbertson would not go that far. He would content himself with a quota system for all heavy weapons.

The State Department's policy is more practical than Mr. Culbertson's more cautious approach. It would be easier to eliminate the heavy weapons entirely than to enforce a quota system. Moreover if the nations had no heavy armaments the world organization could enforce its orders against the individual malefactor under a regime of law. The continued existence of national armies armed with quotas of heavy weapons would mean that enforcement would be by armies against governments which would have strongly equipped national armies with which to resist. The enforcement would be by war—the very thing Mr. Culbertson is seeking to eliminate.

THOMAS K. FINLETTER.

New York, N. Y.

"Comrade Jenkins is a representative of the underground, or Republican Party, as it is called in the United States."

Laughter by Request

SIR: Here's my current weekly gripe:
The radio emcee and his ad-lib tripe.
The stuff he dribbles has an awful smell,
But his studio-stooges laugh like hell!

EMOLYN G. COHN.

Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

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Strictly Personal

WHAT "LIVES" IN A WAR MEMORIAL?

OPEN-HEARTED and open-handed America prepared busily for over a year to receive its fighting forces back to the bosom of the local community. Welcome signs greeted the homing GI all the way from the piers of New York's waterfront to the station plaza of his home town. Busy and enthusiastic committees began to toil on plans for recognition in more permanent form of the services and triumphs of the armed forces.

Conspicuous by his absence has been the one-time high priest of such doings, the monumental sculptor. On all sides thoughtful and well-meaning people are calling for the "living" war memorial, an object of some continuing practical benefit to the community. From the sedate pages of the *Atlantic*, where Dean Joseph Hudnut of the Harvard School of Architecture solemnly points out that the "monument does not remember," to the bustling pages of the *American City*—almost any issue during the past year—people are shying away from the "cold, lifeless monuments" of the past in favor of almost anything from a stretch of dogwood which New Jersey garden clubs are going to plant along a road to the elaborate complex of community buildings planned for the side of a lagoon in Boston.

Of 121 replies to the *American City* from communities of between 10,000 and 50,000 in which plans for a memorial were already taking shape, only fourteen contemplated "honor rolls, plaques and monuments." The trend is definitely toward community buildings, recreational facilities, and plantings.

Here and there a still, small voice rises in question. "Living" memorials are not new, and the Navy Mothers of La Crosse, Wisconsin, report the memorial forest of World War I is "neglected and forgotten." Some stadiums and auditoriums commemorating the heroes of the last war have proved white elephants because of poor planning in relation to the needs of the community, or the impossibility of anticipating changed conditions.

I want to put in a word for the sculptor, not in the spirit of King Canute trying to sweep back the ocean, for it is already in the cards that the gardens, groves, and community centers of one sort and another will burgeon under lengthy memorial names which no one but the chairman of the board will ever repeat in full. But I do want earnestly to plead that some reasonable percentage of the budget be allotted to a substantial though "useless" structure or section that will serve to say in the age-old media of plastic design what is being memorialized.

Dean Hudnut quaintly stresses the inability of stone and bronze to "remember." I don't suppose the suggestion is intended that the living fibres of hemlock, dogwood, or daffodil have more powers in this department, or metal and stone when incorporated in the walls of a building. It must be that people enjoying the use and beauty of such objects will remember. But what and how?

Properly, monumental art has been the reminder par excellence through the ages. This is the *use*, the *life* of monuments and of the monumental portions of memorial structures. A thing need not turn on an axle or have a passable interior space to be useful. There are few symbols in the world today more powerful or widely known than that of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, but this does not depend on the fact that its interior is rigged to function as an elevated observatory for sightseers.

The present aversion to sculptured memorials is due in part to fear of the dark, mysterious discontents of the high priests of art, that too often in the past have caused pain where only pride was meant to grow.

Why should anyone stick his neck out by advocating sculpture or approving a given design? The old World War I memorial of battered doughboys, mud-caked, bandaged, weary but determined, looks just as good to the man in the street, the bluff city official, or American Legionnaire as it did twenty years ago. But the art people don't like it any more. Who could pick a statue for *this* war that they'd like twenty years from now?

Top-lofty criticism grins with condescension at the quaint granite Civil War rifleman that repetitiously dots so many village greens, but to be less precious and more frank we must admit that these warriors of the past say what was uppermost in the minds of the people of their day.

The Grand Army of the Republic was an army of the people, recruited from every walk and rank of society in numbers sufficient to identify it with the whole community. The simple infantryman on his pedestal celebrates the fact that the *people* of a democracy fight, not mercenaries or professionals. The humanity and importance of the rank and file become a new subject of art alongside the "man on horseback."

The ingloriously suffering doughboy proclaims the horror of modern mechanized warfare that front-line fighters discovered in World War I

"Frankly, gentlemen, I think we should hold production on these until we find out what happens at Bikini."

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when such devilish ingenuity was still in its infancy. These facts are a part of our basic thinking about war today, and these sculptures are part of the cultural growth resulting from the struggles they record. What matter that artists and art critics have developed the ungracious habit of baiting the real and the familiar, and taught us to forget that art can talk so plainly?

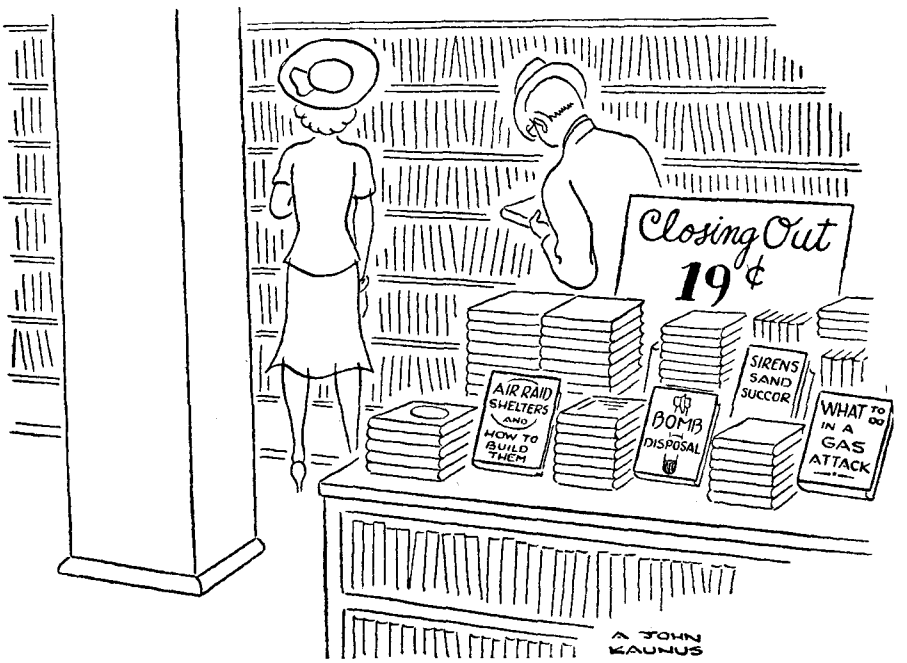
We are behindhand already in giving valid, usable expression to the lessons of this war. There has been no song like "Over There," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," or "The Star-Spangled Banner." No novel or play has yet exposed its meaning in fully rounded, monumental, and popularly acceptable form, although some writers like Lillian Hellman did well by specific aspects. We must not fail another great opportunity in our public memorials.

Partial investigations have indicated that the "living memorial" will greatly predominate. We may hope that one or two outstanding sculptural monuments will arise. But let us insist, wherever we can, that some forceful and unmistakable expression identify and keynote these centers, playgrounds, and plantings whose otherwise perfunctory baptism as war memorials will have none but the vaguest and most perishable meaning.

Sculptors, of course, must come forward with valid and forceful expression of the meaning of the latest struggle. In the great war memorials of the past victory and the victor alone were celebrated. From the Winged Victory of ancient Greece to Donatello's Gattamelatta and Verrocchio's Colleone of the early Italian Renaissance, in the host of equestrian generals who followed them, there is no sense that men fought for anything but to win. Survival or gain was the whole meaning of war until recent times.

Now we fight so that "government of the people, for the people, and by the people shall not perish from the earth," "to make the world safe for democracy." World War II was a struggle of nations united against a hideous force that sought unlimited gain through the worst forms of treachery and violence forsworn by mankind to make society possible. For us in America it was a struggle in which our nation united within itself to fulfill a responsibility to the forces and ideals of social sanity in a world borne down by the madness of violence and greed.

Behind all these meanings is the greater meaning that waging war is of itself hateful. We can no longer, in an age that has popularly and



diplomatically stigmatized war "as an instrument of international policy," think of war decently except in terms of its provocation. Without provocation war today is inglorious.

The answer is clear. Our war memorials must include a hymn of hate for the evil forces, concepts, machinations that provoked the struggle. Not so prominent as to be in any sense heroic, not so obscure as to be forgotten, there must be unmistakable representation of those who violated the faith of humanity and brought the horror of armed conflict on the entire world.

Let me describe a possible doorway for one of those memorial centers. The doorposts are giant figures passing inward to crush a horizontal panel above the door. The figure on the left is a soldier representing the military forces of Britain and America on the Western Front, that on the right of the Soviet Union on the Eastern Front. In the panel above, hatefully portrayed, strut the enemy they were called upon to crush.

No symbolic dragon of St. George will do. The enemy of mankind must be pilloried clearly and in person; the haughty Junker officers; brass check professionals, whether artist or scientist, who gave plausible form to the foul ideologies of a national destiny; paunchy industrialists seeking world-foreclosing profits. In the center of the group frenzied or pompous demagogues arouse popular violence in the name of falsified injustices and appeals to the worst in human nature. Across the bottom of the panel are lined, like a sustaining base, the goon-like heads of soldiers, Nazis and Fascist party members, all the thick-bodied and insensitive tools that crushed or intimidated the opposition of decent humanity at home and performed the brutal aggressions.

The essentials of the formula may be repeated in a variety of ways. Always a sense of forces joined—national allies, home front with fighting front, coöperation among various units of the armed forces. Always the hideous group of the enemy clearly specified.

Since the new meanings of war are harder to state with the simplicity of the winged goddess or mounted warrior of old, and since so many of the memorials are buildings, the message may be conveyed in a keynoting unit of interior sculpture, with perhaps a few broadly worked figures on the exterior to identify the building. The great tradition of complex historiated wood carving of the late Gothic period provides a brilliant model for protected indoor compositions.

Fifteenth-century German art also provides a precedent and example for hate as a subject of art. There we find the most gloriously hideous portrayals of the persecutors of Christ, doubtless inspired or paralleled in the mind of the artist by enemies of decency in his own day. It is interesting that the realistically hateful portrayals and the use of elaborate wood carvings both come from a creatively democratic period of Germany's past.

At the beginning of the modern period the energetic merchant townspeople were successful, even more in the lands now called Germany than elsewhere, because of their wide, responsible, democratic struggle against feudal aristocracy in their guilds, town councils, and the great Hanseatic League. Their fight, like ours

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in the past war, was against privileged forces in the community attempting to block progress with brute force.

There are those in every community who are content, for reasons of their own, to turn their backs on evil. There are those with no ulterior motive who are just too discouraged by a record of apparent failure to concern themselves, now that disaster has been pushed off a brief spell. But the mind of man has grown in this struggle, and there must be a clear record of what has been learned. Living memorials will live as memorials only if their story is told in the concise and penetrating forms of art.

LINCOLN ROTHSCHILD.

India for the Busy Man

RESTLESS INDIA. By Lawrence K. Rosinger. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1946. 111 pp. $2.

Reviewed by JOSEPH G. HITREC

SOME years ago this reviewer was imprudently inveigled—for the benefit of an American officer then newly arrived in India—into a discussion of the potential contribution of that country to the world of tomorrow. He had only just settled down to a leisurely exposition of the Vedas when the officer—an alert young salesman in his pre-army days—cut the discourse short with the remark: "If I were to open commercial relations with India after the war, what is the absolute modicum of knowledge about this country that I should need, and how do I get it and keep it by me?" Had "Restless India" lain on the table at the time of the argument, much of the discussion might have gone quite smoothly. As it happened, the young officer went to his hotel that night with a list of recommended reading going into two figures.

Published originally in the Headline Series of the Foreign Policy Association and now issued to the general public as a handy little book, "Restless India" is basic enough for the uninformed reader and at the same time an up-to-the-hour, portable precis for the student of Indian affairs. After his admission that "almost anything said about India is true of some part of it," one might have expected Mr. Rosinger to air some of his own views on the subject, this being the frequent and irrepressible urge of most writers on India. But Mr. Rosinger succumbed to no such temptation. His task was to write an organic and intelligible paper on the most painful problem of the eastern hemisphere, preferably in about one hundred pages, and he set about accomplishing it without waste and with a detachment which is entirely commendable. The outcome is a bare ten chapters and a well-rounded, if breathless, tour of contemporary India on the politico-economical plane. It is also a look at that saintly opportunist of the Indian scene, Mr. Gandhi, and at his brilliant and devoted lieutenant Pandit Nehru, and also at Mr. Jinnah, the stormy Muslim on whose intractable purpose so much of that country's future devolves. In a different field, it is a summary of India's agricultural and industrial potential, with some real eye-openers for the man who proposes to do business with the Indians and Asiatics generally. There are, too, appendices of the Cripps Proposals, letters of Ambassador Phillips to Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Premier Atlee's statement on Indian policy after the Labor landslide of last autumn—fascinating and illuminating documents not only for the historian but for anyone wishing to know why the British notion of commonwealth came to its first real grief in India.

Lawrence K. Rosinger gives "a well-rounded, if breathless, tour of contemporary India on the politico-economic plane."

The depth of the field surveyed in "Restless India" might have been greater if Mr. Rosinger had not rushed so through his chapter on old India, especially as, in his own words, that glory "colors the thoughts of the present-day Indians and strengthens the popular movement for independence." It is true that "India possesses a cultural tradition second to none in the history of mankind," but quite often that vital force is overshadowed—in the eyes of the average magazine reader at any rate—by the spectre of wretchedness, starving peasants, and rioting in the big cities. The haunting vision of Indian misery might have been balanced by a fuller sketch of her cvilization, for that, after all, was the ferment that kept her going through the long periods of Arab and Moghul attrition and is currently the inspiration of the national renaissance to a degree unimaginable even fifteen years ago. Besides the Ramayana, Mahabharata and Kalidasa's Sakuntala, India can show a vast store of Sanskrit literature and a wealth of sculptural and painting art that is every bit as compelling as her religious philosophies. We do not suggest that "Restless India" suffers by this omission; we merely say it is an omission, though quite possibly a deliberate one.

The rest of Mr. Rosinger's presentation is neat, and its special value to many readers may well lie in its live up-to-dateness. The Congress Election Manifesto of October 1945 takes the reader right into contemporary headlines, and he may close the book and pick up his morning paper with a strong sense of continuity. The industrialist and business executive with an eye on the Far Eastern markets could do worse than stock his reference shelf with a few copies of "Restless India" both for himself and for his associates.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 154

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 154 will be found in the next issue.

BFACDGKE HJLKCMFBHPN

GLPO GO GJ CECPHL SJ

OCLKCPO.

RGBPGOGK TKGLHGJ—GKP

SW DSKBMBN DHOMSE

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 153

Ennui has made more gamblers than avarice, more drunkards than thirst, and perhaps as many suicides as despair.

C. C. COLTON
Lacon.

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Authenticating the Horror

THE BLACK BOOK. Written and Compiled by the Jewish Black Book Committee. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1946. 560 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by HAROLD FIELDS

THIS is a stirring indictment, prepared under the aegis of the World Jewish Congress, the American Committee of Jewish Writers, Artists, and Scientists, and others, for submission to the juridical authorities of the United Nations War Crimes Commission as evidence of the crimes committed by the Nazis against the Jewish people throughout Europe. Its pages horrify the reader.

Man forgets easily, and in forgetting forgives. The most disturbing illustration of this is the thousands of our soldiers who once damned the Germans and who are now fraternizing with them. Not since the depredations of the Greeks and the Romans and the Huns has such organized state vandalism been perpetrated upon innocent nations and peoples. It is all too early for our soldiers to have forgotten all this; yet they drink French wines in German homes and sleep under Belgian coverlets in German beds and eat Dutch cheeses at German tables—and then write home approvingly of the German people.

They have forgotten. But the Jews of Europe have not. Not the one million who have survived their six million dead brethren. They have not forgotten any more than Holland has forgotten the soul of Rotterdam, nor Czechoslovakia the spirit of Lidice, nor Poland the heart that stopped beating in Warsaw.

It is ironic that while the Jews of Europe were being wiped out, the population of the world was increasing (there are 100 million more people now than there were in 1939). Hitler would have gloated over that. To exterminate the Jews was his passionate objective, initiated first as an adroit, shrewd tactic to divide the world and obfuscate his true purpose in preparing for war.

The indictment proceeds to stress the scientific approach in the plan for the extinction of the Jews. A population of seven millions scattered over a continent cannot all be shot or hanged, hence the Germans "acted with the imperturbability of men engaged in laboratory experiments." To kill their bodies, they resorted to asphyxiation, the gas chambers, torture, and slow starvation; to kill their spirit while they still moved about, the Germans instituted legal degradation, mandatory slave labor, subjection to all forms of deprivation.

It is significant to note that when their factories were subjected to *Gleichschaltung* (expropriation), it was the industrialist who acquired them, not the German people; estates and real property went to the large landholders, not to the small farmer; shops and stores went to officials, not to the small businessman. All that the German citizen got was the minuscule results of looted stores, or the articles obtained by thievery of foreign homes. But the German people were happy: "The civilian . . . envied him whose brass buttons shone a block away. If he could not have a uniform to fit his body, he was willing to accept a strait-jacket for his mind."

Much of the book is devoted to the

legal prohibitions imposed on Jews. The writers have assembled a four-page chronological chart of anti-Jewish legislation in Germany from 1933 to 1943 that lists legal discriminations in the areas of (1) gainful occupation, (2) cultural opportunities, (3) taxation and expropriations, and (4) civil rights. Robert Ley, Nazi manpower chief, summarized the essence of all these laws in the sentence, "(The Jew) needs less room, less clothing, less food, and less culture than a higher race." Jews could not earn, learn, laugh, or move. But note, not Jews only: "A good Catholic cannot be a good National Socialist." In its treatment of race-superiority, the book incontrovertibly shatters German claims against the Jewish people through the statements of ethnologists, the decisions of state courts, and the reference to various papal bulls.

The story of the Jew's misery consumes the major part of this book. The steps taken to embitter his life are carefully traced: he was branded, denied employment, denied his ration card, herded into unhygienic quarters, made part of the forced labor movement, forced to live on a sub-subsistence level, and refused the right of emigration. Of 500,000 Jews in Germany in 1933, only 40,000 were left in 1942; of 180,000 in Austria, 48,000 were left in 1940; of 120,000 in Czechoslovakia, only 10,000 were found in 1942; of 3500 in Luxembourg, 70 were located when the Allies marched in; of 700 deported from Norway to Germany, only five are known to be alive. The listing could go on, but to what end? The indictment puts it nakedly: this was mass murder.

The stories of cruelty, inhumanity, and barbarism would be open to suspicion were they not so thoroughly authenticated. The quotations from the personal notes of Nazi authorities, the observations of American editors and correspondents, the statements of visiting Congressmen, the reports of our military men, the investigations by reputable American agencies—all are set down in this book and constitute irrefutable proof. The horror of the concentration camps surpasses belief: at Oswiecim, about 4,000,000 were tortured and put to death; at Chelmno, 1,300,000; at Birkenan, 1,765,000. Nor were all the victims Jews; all of Europe's nationals were well represented.

The chapters on "Resistance" and "Justice" are not part of the indictment but a tribute to Jewish courage. Here are set forth the tales of the Jewish shock troops, trained at Tel Aviv, who organized resistance groups and underground railways. Here are the episodes of Jewish children hidden by French Catholic priests and Protestant ministers, of a priest in Holland who dared raise funds for Jews about to be deported, of Danish connivance in smuggling out Jews. Here too are tales of Croatian Jews banding together to harass the Germans in their land, of the forty-two day battle of Warsaw, of the sabotage of a German factory in Vilna with the loss of 60,000 German trench coats.

The book closes with a plea for justice, for the restoration of property from those who now thrive on that property, for indictment of those responsible for these crimes. It seeks to offset the dread implication in the statement made recently by Percy Knauth in his "Germany in Defeat" that "the fact of Buchenwald is all but forgotten in this overforgetful world." Those who were responsible for the preparation and documentation of this volume have submitted a detailed and telling indictment.

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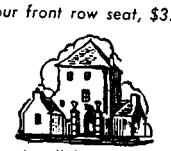

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TRADE Winds

OUR OWN Norman Cousins and Jack Cominsky, in Texas on business for the *SRL*, discovered one reason why Dallas is the fastest growing city in the United States. Nobody can get out!

The moment a departing hotel guest appears at the cashier's desk with a suitcase in his hand, the head porter dives out of a window, and railroad and airplane ticket officials make believe they do not understand English. The leading lady of one theatrical troupe was held up so long getting a ticket out of Dallas they had to change the bill from "Peter Pan" to "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals."

Cousins and Cominsky finally decided to camp at the airport and pray for a break. In twelve hours they had worked their way up to Number Four on the waiting list when the volatile Jack got a sudden inspiration. "Let's charter a private plane!" he cried recklessly. Arrangements were made by phone. They collected their baggage, automatically eliminating themselves from the waiting list, and drove to the airport where their one-motor chartered puddle-jumper was parked. "All set," reported the pilot. "I presume you know we're only allowed to fly three hours a day." The two voyagers quickly calculated that this would get them to New York in eleven days, and tore back to the other field, where they luckily managed to get back on the waiting list —Number Eighteen.

At lunch, Cominsky had another inspiration. "Let's board the afternoon train and sit up in the smoking lounge all the way if necessary," he urged. Cousins, too buffeted by fate to object, helped him pull out the luggage again. They managed to find a taxicab driver who skillfully piloted them to the railroad station just in time to see the rear end of the New York train disappearing round a bend in the yards. By the time they were back in the airport, they were down to Number Thirty-nine on the list, and two little girls were frightened by Cousins's long white beard. Cominsky was reduced to calling a local radio station, and vainly trying to buy a five-minute spot to broadcast a frantic appeal for help.

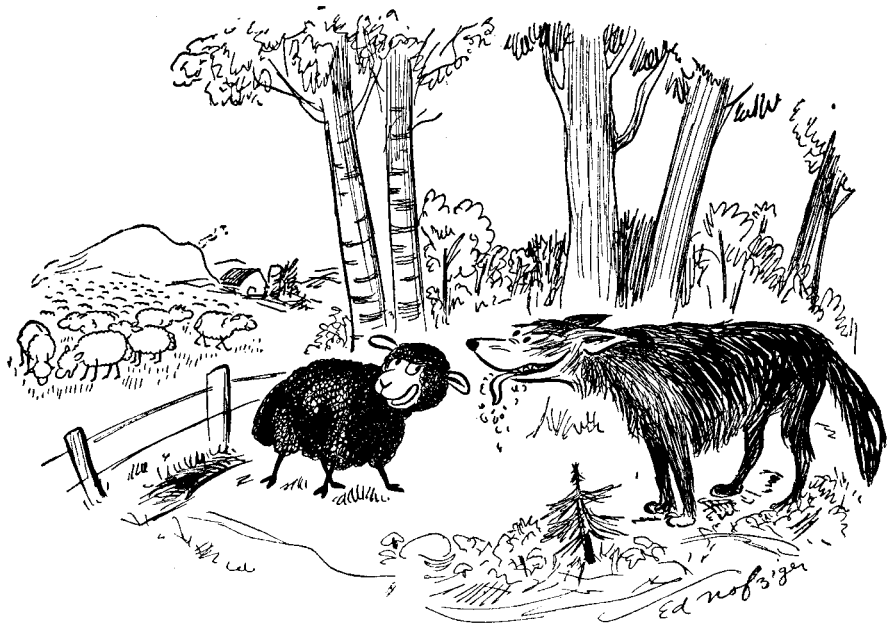
Probably they would be in Dallas yet if an unscheduled transport plane had not limped into the field with one motor failing. After repairs had been effected, our two intrepid editors, feeling by this time they had nothing to lose, clambered aboard at their own risk, and proceeded homeward by fits and starts.

The moral of this tale, it would seem to me, is that a traveler today is a great fool to venture forth without return accommodations in his pocket. The girl who carries this copy to the printer, however, and who was born in the very shadow of John William Rogers and Nieman-Marcus, says it isn't that at all; Cousins and Cominsky didn't know when they were sitting pretty in God's own country, and it served them good and right for trying to get out. . . .

BECAUSE OF GENERAL misapprehension that a "definitive" edition of the complete works of Abraham Lincoln already had been compiled, government sponsorship of such a project was never forthcoming. Now, however, Rutgers University and the Abraham Lincoln Association of Springfield, Illinois, announce that they have joined forces to fill the gap. The citizens of Springfield have subscribed $20,000 to cover editorial costs, and the work has been in progress since November. Further details may be obtained from Earl Schenck Miers, Director of the Rutgers University Press. . . . Louis Bromfield's new book, "A Few Brass Tacks," will be unveiled by Harper's in the course of the next few days. Another new Harper book is Gerald Johnson's biography of Adolph Ochs, "An Honorable Titan." . . . The late Arthur Bostwick tells a story at the expense of Harper's in his "A Life with Men and Books." A popular medium announced solemnly that she was going to publish a novel that had been "dictated to her by the spirit of Mark Twain." Harper's legal department hastily sought an injunction "on the ground that they were entitled to all his work, on whichever side of the grave it might be produced." . . . Gertrude Stein is working on a new opera with Virgil Thomson. It is called "The Mother of Us All." "The first act," she confides with characteristic restraint, "ends with a truly magnificent duet between Susan B. Anthony and Daniel Webster." . . .

A GRAVE CRISIS developed recently at the Twentieth Century Fox studio. Just before a picture went into production, Darryl Zanuck decreed that the script needed bolstering. He furthermore decreed that only one man on earth could do the job properly: Ben Hecht. "Get him," ordered Mr. Z., who has never had a single wish denied him since the day he blew into Hollywood from Wahoo, Nebraska. This time, however, Mr. Hecht proved elusive. "He's bound for New York in two days," reported Zanuck's emissary, "but if you want, he'll work on your script all the way from Pasadena to Grand Central Station." Zanuck had had much previous commerce with Ben Hecht, so he quickly asked, "And what does he want for this labor of love?" "Mr. Hecht says he has a fondness for full, round sums," was the answer. "The price he asks is one hundred thousand dollars."

Mr. Zanuck staggered, but rallied quickly. "Call him again," he ordered, "and ask him how much he'll



"Now here's the plan!"

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THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"But let's be fair about this—Attila has done a lot of good things, too."

take to work on the script as far as Kansas City." . . .

IN THE NEW "Portable Oscar Wilde" (Viking) Richard Aldington tells of the time the English firm of Osgood, McIlvaine and Company advertised that Wilde's "Intentions" was being "published simultaneously in London and New York." Osgood died shortly thereafter. Wilde, encountered in Piccadilly, remarked sadly, "Poor Osgood is a great loss to us! However, I suppose they will bury him simultaneously in London and New York." . . . I always have cherished the story of a dinner in Boston where Wilde was the extremely reluctant guest of honor. "You Americans," he remarked contemptuously, "are Philistines who have invaded the sacred temples of art." "And you," answered an outraged guest, "are trying to drive us forth with the jawbone of an ass." . . . A rather silly lady sat next to Wilde, and confided to him that she never traveled without her diary. "Quite the thing to do," Wilde assured her. "It's always good to have something sensational to read on the train." No one to waste choice lines, he later incorporated this dialogue into "The Importance of Being Earnest." . . .

ONE HUNDRED OF Bob Van Gelder's interviews with famous authors for *The New York Times* will be gathered into book form by Scribner's under the title of "Writers and Writing." . . . Colonel Stoopnagle excused a tipsy author's boorishness with "He's not himself today—but whoever he is, it's a great improvement." . . . A useful book to have around is Crowell's "Flags of All Nations," full of colored reproductions and odd bits of history and symbolism. . . .

G. AND C. MERRIAM'S lively house organ, *The Circle and Monogram,* defines a few terms commonly used by railroad men. "Highball" means O.K., proceed; "Pull the pin," to uncouple cars; "Put it in the big hole," apply the air brake in emergency for a quick stop; "Red eye," stop signal; "Green eye," go signal; "Tie-up," to complete the day's work; "Double," to cut off part of a train, take it over a hill or grade, and then go back for the rest of the train. . . . Harriet Underwood takes me to task for declaring that "Elsie's Womanhood" was the last of the Dinsmore series. "How about 'Elsie's Motherhood,' 'Elsie's Widowhood,' and 'Grandma Elsie'?" she inquires. "There were twenty-six volumes in the set and I know one person who has read them all—Miss Pearl Field of the Chicago Public Library." If I were a Chicago literary editor, I'd follow that lead for a feature story. . . .

PHIL SILVERS, bespectacled Hollywood comic, once had a crush on Olivia De-Havilland, for which no reader, I'm sure, can blame him. She went out with him several times, but when he asked her to the Academy Award dinner, social highwater mark of the season, she said, "I'll go with you—but you must promise to leave off those glasses. They make you look so silly."

Silvers promised—and kept his word. He arrived at her door that evening in white tie and tails, with a corsage of orchids—and a seeing-eye dog.

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

EARLY in 1945, the editor-in-chief of Heinemann, the English publisher looked at another damned manuscript which was dumped on his desk. Just another war book, he thought. And then he glanced at it. After he had read three pages, he got someone on the wire and a contract was drawn up. *Waiting In The Night* did well in England. But England was separated from Hell by only twenty miles. *Waiting In The Night* did not do so well here (in spite of good reviews) because the war was over when it came out and most of the people in the United States knew little about the Maquis and cared less.

Waiting In The Night was the story of a young man, a sort of mental kamikaze, who did heroic things when he had no desire to live.

Horned Pigeon, already high on the best-seller lists in England, is the story behind *Waiting In The Night.*

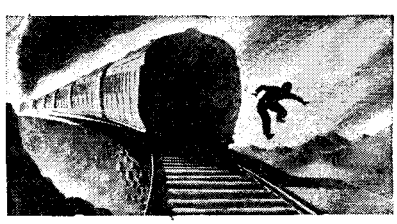
It's about the author's experiences during two years of imprisonment. But so what? You may remember e. e. cummings' book, *The Enormous Room,* was a war-imprisonment book—but what a book! In many ways MILLAR'S **Horned Pigeon** resembles *The Enormous Room.* It is highly articulate, it is explicit, it is sensitive. For the reason that their own lives are usually monotonous, people shy away from reading about other people's boredom. Misery loves company, but boredom not so. I see no reason why I should get down on my knees in this narrow column and beg you to read an exquisite description of enforced leisure. But there is far more than that in **Horned Pigeon** and in the next column on that book, I will quote a few places that seem to me exceptional.

A man's life is set before you in this book. He leaves his wife to go to war, leaves her in lovely sorrow. He goes off unfamiliar with war, and expecting at least excitement and adventure to compensate for the fact that while he is separated from his wife, some banal fellow is stropping a razor in the room next to her tears. While he is away, he banks on one thing to keep him going—the thought of returning to his wife.

In the last chapter, written in the third person because it was too painful to him to write it in the first person, he returns and tells her, "The only thing that would end everything would be if you had fallen in love with somebody else . . ."

"Perhaps I have," she replies.

paul



DOUBLEDAY

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Seeing Things

CHEKHOV-ON-AVON

WHY do you always wear black?"

These are the first, the very first, words spoken in "The Sea Gull." It is the schoolmaster who speaks them. He asks the question of a girl named Masha. Her immediate reply is, "I am in mourning for my life. I am unhappy."

Chekhov is the only playwright in the world who would have thought of ringing up a curtain with such lines and on such a note. More than introducing "The Sea Gull," Masha's reply can be said to speak for nearly all of Chekhov's characters in all of his long plays. His men and women, young or old, *are* unhappy. Spiritually at least, they *are* in mourning for their lives.

They live in a twilight zone. It is a condemned world, wonderfully luminous in its melancholy and made the sadder by all the sorrows of acceptance. Its people are a passive, frustrated, and resigned lot. Their inertia is as monumental as their grief.

Most of them seem to be waiting for the sound of that axe which will doom Madame Ranevsky's cherry orchard. Long before we meet them, they have been mastered by their fates. They do not protest these so much as they lament them. Although they move in groups, they remain alone. Each one of them is apt to be a geyser of autobiography. Frequently, when they talk to one another, they do not listen. Often they chance to overhear each other's soliloquies, and usually they bore each other, and are apt to be bored with themselves.

Their chief activity is their despair. Yet, as the Old Vic's production of "Uncle Vanya"* once again makes clear, this despair which is the source of the beauty, power, depth, and glory of Chekhov's long plays can also be a dangerous factor. If it is not perfectly stressed, it is apt, by its very preponderance, to provoke the wrong kind of laughter, not only among resilient Kiwanians who are up-and-doing in an up-and-doing country, but even among devoted Chekhovians. I stress the "wrong kind of laughter" because, in spite of some of my confrères who seem to mistake Chekhov's mood for that of an undertaker out on an assignment, there is, of course, a right kind of laughter invited by Chekhov's scripts.

They are tragicomedies, not tragedies. To drape them in crepe, either in performance or in criticism, is to miss their point entirely. It is to deny them that largeness, that all-inclusiveness, that abiding greatness, which grants them a distinction unique in the modern theatre. Stanislavsky had this in mind when, in "My Life in Art," he pointed out, "You will notice that Chekhov's plays are accompanied by the continuous laughter of the audience, which never rings so often and so loud and clear as it does in his plays, for Chekhov himself was one of the men who are in love with life."

If, in spite of his humor, Chekhov's melancholy can be dangerous, the reasons are not hard to find. When handled unskilfully, it can prove excessive; more than we here are able to take. Once it is allowed to appear so, it becomes humorous in its own right. Optimists and extroverts titter at it, being unable either to comprehend it or to abide it. They are allergic to these defeated men and women of Old Russia who mope and moan, luxuriating in their misery rather than seeking to correct its causes.

So pronounced is Chekhov's melancholy that it does not have to wait to be parodied as it once was, hilariously, in a New York revue. In this revue some white-faced women in black dresses were shown hovering around a samovar. They were clasping their brows, and happily crying, "Oh life! Oh the pain of it! Oh the wonderful pain of it!" To alien ears and—what is more foreign—to alien spirits, Chekhov's melancholy can end up by becoming the perfect parody of itself.

This is not a mark of Chekhov's weakness; it is a proof of his genius. Only the pallid talents invite no caricature. The strong ones, those blazing with individuality and as such irreplaceable, are the stuffs of which

"The second best of Chekhov is better than the best of almost any other dramatist to have worked as a realist."

parodies are ready-made. This is due to the excess, rather than the absence, of their virtues, as surely as contemptible efforts, pronounced only in their faults, lend themselves to spoofing for just the opposite reasons.

It is not only in spite of their glories but because of them that Chekhov's plays are perched perilously on the borderline between what *is* radiant and what *can be* ridiculous. The path they walk is a precarious tight-rope, requiring the finest sense of balance, if what is unrivalled in their excellences is not to topple over and suffer the cruelest of spills.

The players of the Old Vic appear to have been commendably aware of this. No matter how upsetting their attempts at humor may be, they know that Chekhov is neither the mortician nor the bore Broadway is apt to believe he must be because his standards are not those of Broadway and its bistros. For this these Britishers deserve at least those thanks which good intentions merit.

It is easy to quarrel with the Old Vic's production. The faults in the evening's acting come close to being sky-written. So, too, do at least three of the virtues—Laurence Olivier as Astrov, Margaret Leighton as the Professor's second wife, and the rewarding pleasure of seeing such a play even when, for the most part, it is inadequately performed.

From the point of view of showing their company off to advantage, these English actors were guilty of an error in judgment when they chose Chekhov for their visit here and abandoned "Arms and the Man." However stale they may have become in Shaw's comedy, as by their own confession they had, Shaw was their dish of home-brewed tea. Just as obviously, Chekhov was not. The

*UNCLE VANYA, by Anton Chekhov. From the Russian by Constance Garnett. Presented by The Old Vic Theatre Company under the auspices of Theatre Incorporated. Staged by John Burrell. Scenery and Costumes by Tanya Moiseiwitsch. With Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Nicholas Hannen, Margaret Leighton, Joyce Redman, Ena Burrill, George Relph, Byrony Chapman, and William Monk. At the Century Theatre.

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STAGE

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Kern & Hammerstein's
"Show Boat"
Music by JEROME KERN
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the novel by EDNA FERBER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
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Eves. 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Sharp

"Bull's-Eye!" —Barnes, Her. Trib.
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd present
ETHEL MERMAN
In a New Musical
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS
with RAY MIDDLETON
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St., West of B'way
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30

"An uproarious delight . . . a solid comedy"—Barnes, HERALD TRIBUNE
MAX GORDON presents
Born Yesterday
A New Comedy by GARSON KANIN
LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way CH 4-4256
EVES 8:40 • MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:40

BROCK PEMBERTON presents PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
Frank Fay in 'Harvey'
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

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PAULA STONE & HUNT STROMBERG, Jr. present
VICTOR HERBERT'S
Most Famous Musical Comedy
The RED MILL
with EDDIE FOY, JR.
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CALL ME MISTER
A Musical Revue
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
Sketches by ARNOLD AUERBACH
with BETTY GARRETT
Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
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Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein 2d present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with J. TETZEL, A. GESSNER, E. BISHOP
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

Volga no more flows into the Avon than it does into the Hudson. To reach the Volga, they in England and we in America have to seek our own routes. Naturally they are not the same.

Chekhov is difficult enough for Americans to act when he is snatched out of Russia and translated into the terms of an American interpretation. These difficulties increase when the process of translation is doubled, and what we get for local consumption is a Chekhov who has already been Anglicized. Since he must then be filtered through two national temperaments, we are bound to lose more of him than we would were he filtered through only one. At any rate, this is certain to seem true to us on this side of the Atlantic. No doubt, the British would feel the same sense of increased strangeness if an American company chose to interpret Molière or Goethe—or even Chekhov—for London audiences.

Although "Uncle Vanya" lacks the amplitude of "The Three Sisters" and "The Cherry Orchard," and even of "The Sea Gull," it is nonetheless an extraordinary play. The second best of Chekhov is better than the best of almost any other dramatist to have worked as a realist. It is profounder, more complete, less capable of exhausting itself, richer in texture, and delves more bathyspherically into the depths of character.

With Chekhov, of course, surface realism was only an illusion. No people, not even Russians with "Russian souls" to explore, have probably talked precisely as Chekhov's men and women talk. Yet their speech seems more real than actual conversation. Not content with serving as a dictaphone, it functions as the soul's confessional. It speaks for what people think and feel within themselves rather than limiting itself to what they might say. More than being a means of communication, it is a method of revelation. It leaves its men and women spiritually naked. We feel we know them whole, yet we are made aware that at each re-hearing or re-reading of what they utter there will be more, and still more, to know.

In "Uncle Vanya" Chekhov's touch is blunter than in his greater plays. His characters, weak, pompous, indifferent, or defeated, are pitilessly dissected with surgical accuracy. Yet, though their faults are fascinating, they do not win our affections as do the faults of the characters in "The Three Sisters" and "The Cherry Orchard."

The themes of "Uncle Vanya," however, are similar to those of the later scripts. Their orchestration is more

SCREEN

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"METROPOLIS"—New York highlights, produced by Leonidoff, settings by Bruno Maine . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Glee Club and Music Hall Symphony Orchestra directed by Charles Previn.

STAGE

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A New Play by EMMET LAVERY
LOUIS CALHERN DOROTHY GISH
ROYALE THEATRE W. 45th St. • Evs. 8:30 MATS. WED. & SAT.

LELAND HAYWARD presents
1946 PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
Ralph BELLAMY • Ruth HUSSEY
STATE OF THE UNION
A New Comedy
by Howard Lindsay & Russel Crouse
with MYRON McCORMICK, MINOR WATSON, MARGALO GILLMORE
HUDSON Theater, 44th Street, East of B'way.

The Theatre Guild & John C. Wilson present
ALFRED LUNT • LYNN FONTANNE
"O Mistress Mine"
A New Comedy by TERENCE RATTIGAN
Directed by MR. LUNT
EMPIRE THEA., 40th & Bway. Mats. Thurs., Sat.

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meagre. This is the main difference. The autumnal splendors are also present; those varied splendors which grant to all of Chekhov's long plays a resemblance to great trees seen in the full glory of their fall colors just as the first threats of winter's winds have begun to scatter their leaves.

Sixteen years have slipped by since Jed Harris produced "Uncle Vanya" in New York with Osgood Perkins, Walter Connolly, and Eugene Powers in the parts of the Doctor, Uncle Vanya, and the Professor now played by Mr. Olivier, Ralph Richardson, and Nicholas Hannen. I have forgotten most of the details of that performance. Indeed, Lillian Gish's first crossing of the stage—a bit of business invented by Mr. Harris—remains my clearest recollection. Even so, as a moment in the theatre, that mute crossing by Miss Gish was pure magic. It was a moment dipped in phosphorus.

It was not until I saw the Old Vic that some of the details of that earlier production began to lose their haziness for me. Yet this much I do recall, with that inaccuracy common to all theatrical memories—Mr. Harris's production was in most respects far more satisfying for an American audience than is the Old Vic's.

Mr. Olivier is an admirable Astrov. Once again he demonstrates how exceptional and varied are his abilities as an actor. He has a fine flair for comedy, an inventive sense of business, a wonderfully accurate eye for character, and a charming personality. Miss Leighton's Yelena is likewise fortunate in seizing upon and exploring the depths of the script.

Although I admired many moments of Joyce Redman's Sonya, especially as a contrast to her Doll Tearsheet, I must admit I was distressed by several of the production's other features. Had he tried to do so, I doubt if Mr. Hannen could have made the pompous Professor an emptier and more regrettably stock company piece of work.

Ralph Richardson, so brilliant as Falstaff, is unable to shake himself loose from Sir John. He uses his legs as if they were still swaddled in Falstaff's padding. He capers in the same fat man's way; employs much the same voice; and, in the scene in which as Uncle Vanya he must turn on that bogus celebrity, the Professor, for whom he has sacrificed his worthier life, he begins to read Chekhov's words under the startling misapprehension that they were written down in blank verse.

I resented Constance Garnett's wooden translation. I was disappointed in the direction throughout, and never more so than in the scene in which Uncle Vanya shoots twice at the Professor and misses him. As played by the Old Vic, this episode was straight "Charley's Aunt." I was surprised, too, to see how few of the characterizations seem to come from within, and how ridiculous because of this the entire scene towards the end becomes during which, after the departure of the Professor with his inflammatory wife, each of those left behind must enter, saying in different tones, "They have gone."

But, excellent, sketchy, or downright unsatisfactory as the performances were, I was delighted to be seeing "Uncle Vanya" again. Sixteen years is much too long a time for our theatre to have gone without a production of such a play. Even in the Old Vic's hands it manages to make Stanislavsky's meaning abundantly clear when he wrote, "Chekhov's *what* may be dying, but Chekhov's *how* has yet to begin to live as it should in our theatre and in our art."

JOHN MASON BROWN.

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Male Obstetrician

WITH CRADLE AND CLOCK. By Knud Stowman. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 292 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

MR. STOWMAN'S very agreeable novel combines a mellowed portrait of eighteenth-century New York (very early: 1902) with an account of the trials of America's first male obstetrician. Of these the first comes off best even while the second provides whatever drama and conflict the book possesses. The British have already changed New Amsterdam to New York, but the names, the best families, the streets and places, the ways of the city, are still Dutch; Mr. Stowman fits all of this into his chromo with an easy and loving touch. It is still an old-world, courtly civilization, one ill-prepared to accept the coming of Jonathan Kent, a doctor from England who would take up the duties no man had accepted before in these colonies—those of midwife. Kent was greeted with suspicion and hostility.

Some of the best pages of the story are devoted to his clinical experiences, his first cases with his very fearful patients. But Kent himself is very hard, even for us, to bear. Whether or not by design, he appears wooden, remote, often addicted to incredible posturings. "New York," he says, "is a cradle set between two great rivers, and in it stirs an infant nation. Already now it listens to the great clock of destiny—" Or he sweeps his fiancee into his arms and says fervently, "What God hath given, Jonathan Kent shall cherish!" We are not warmed or encouraged by such a man. Yet he had a remarkably difficult fight to win—against the women of New York, for their own good—and perhaps his humorless fanaticism was a necessary armor. His lonely struggle for recognition in a supposedly womanly profession adds the sharp edge of drama to the bland old New York landscape.

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Woman With Past—and Present

THE SOUND OF YEARS. By Merriam Modell. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1946. 309 *pp.* $2.75.

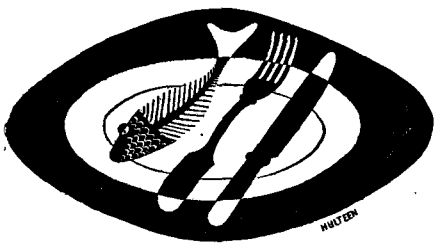
Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

"THE tragedy of life," remarks Ellen Cole to her husband after an evening spent with her mother and father, "is that one not only grows to look like one's parents, one becomes them." The dismay with which she made this observation was justified in Ellen's case, because her parents were smug, narrow, essentially heartless, self-righteous Pharisees who would have sacrificed any human charity and understanding to Appearance and Convention.

> Tonight [she muses] I didn't argue when Mother said servants were going to get their come-uppance after the war. I didn't become furious with Daddy when he said that Russia was doing a fine job and he would be the last to deny it but we'd better keep an eye on them anyhow. Mother announced that when she returned from Florida she intended to have a new set of slipcovers made. War or no war, one simply couldn't let one's furniture go, could one? When I was twenty I despised Mother and Daddy for soberly accepting their possessions as theirs till death did them part . . . for their acceptance of mediocrity. Tonight I rather enjoyed the evening, basking in their approval, purring when they showed they thought me everything a young matron should be, with a fine husband, a proper life, a bright little boy . . . I am a respectable member of the Tribe.

Miss Modell's novel is the study of a woman who, for all this flash of insight into her own personality, went the way of the Pharisee. But she has chosen for her purpose a plot so fantastic and in some of its details so illogical that it is difficult to believe in it or the characters.

The ostensibly settled and conventional matron whom we meet at the beginning of the book is suddenly confronted by the consequence of what, by the department of understatement, could be called a girlhood indiscretion. The consequence is Briggita, Ellen's illegitimate daughter, a girl of seventeen—the result of an affair which Ellen had when she was twenty and in Paris. It would take a more skilful psychologist than Miss Modell to make it convincing that Ellen could have succeeded in wiping the whole business out of mind so completely that she had never even wondered where and how the child was until she was suddenly reminded, by a letter from a friend of those days, that the girl existed. Even aside from the emotional aspects, one would think that the practical difficulties of keeping such a secret would have troubled Ellen. She had turned the child over to a couple, a school friend and her husband who wanted a child but had none of their own, and apparently the possibility



that their paths might ever cross again had never occurred to her.

Well, Briggita turns up in New York, and since the couple to whom she had been given in her infancy are in terrible straits (the man a half crazy degenerate and the woman an alcoholic) Ellen and her husband take Briggita into their own household. The chief effect it has on them, apparently, is that they are embarrassed at the prospect of having to explain her presence to their friends and to Ellen's parents. The climax is reached when Ellen decides that Briggita must return to her foster parents.

Miss Modell's idea is to show Ellen as a woman who deliberately evades the consequences of her own actions whenever they interfere in any way with her own happiness and security. She betrays her daughter twice, but in neither instance does she feel any real or lasting remorse. At the end, saved from having to acknowledge Briggita to the world, Ellen is already relaxing into selfish relief and preparing to forget the whole thing again.

If Miss Modell could have made the character and personality of Ellen as believable from the beginning as she does in the very effective conclusion of her book, it would have been a powerful and perceptive study of a woman. But neither Ellen, nor her husband, nor Briggita is consistently credible. It is true, of course, that real life and real people are often so much stranger than fiction that hardly any plot or cast of characters could be called, *per se*, incredible. It all depends on whether or not the author can make us believe in the people and events portrayed.

Granted, Miss Modell has undoubted talent, but this first novel seems to me to lack focus and proportion.

In Yesterday's England

ASTON KINGS. By Humphrey Pakington. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1946. 285 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THE England that is gone—that comfortable, substantial, "safe" England of garden parties and hunt balls and tennis matches, where gaitered bishops sat with benevolent dowagers in the umbrageous shade, where the kitchen took pride in the parlor, and the parlor felt obligation to below stairs, the England of caste that recognized its duties but felt its pride—that is the England of this book. It is gone, but its sunset glow irradiates this novel sprung of blessed Jane Austen and Trollope, the comedy of manners, practised by no one better today than by Angela Thirkell and Humphrey Pakington.

A delightful wit illumines Mr. Pakington's story of Canon Hargrave and his family who, having inherited Aston Kings, come to make their home upon the estate. The Canon and Lady Alice had five children in the course of a happy and placid marriage, and it is they and their guests and their neighbors, their walks and their talks, their loves and perplexities and pursuits, which fill the pages of an entertaining and charming tale. Mr. Pakington writes in quiet vein, but he has a graceful and facile flow of language, and he is able to describe his personalities so that they come to life unaffectedly and vividly. They talk with a naturalness and vivacity, and behave with a sensibleness—even where for the moment they may stray from the path of the course of conduct most reasonable for themselves—that is entirely engaging.

This is civilized writing about civilized people presented through the imagination of an author who is sophisticated without being "smart" and who obviously finds delight in observing his fellows. They are real men and women whom he creates, whose affairs and ideas are of interest and concern to the reader. Mr. Pakington's writing is artistic at the same time that it is engaging. One leaves it with the same glow of pleasure that attends a gathering of agreeable people in attractive surroundings, where conversation is good, manners charming, and romance is lurking around the corner.

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ART EXHIBITIONS

JUNE

AKRON, OHIO

Art Institute: 23rd Annual Exhibition of Paintings by Artists of Akron and Vicinity, through June 7; Flower and Garden Show, and Mural Paintings from the Caves of India (Sarkis Katchadourian), June 3-23; Work by Students of Akron Art Institute, June 3-27; Metropolitan Park Painting and Photography Competition, June 9 through 30.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Institute of History and Art: 11th Regional Exhibition, Artists of the Upper Hudson, through June 2; Past Artists of the Upper Hudson, to Aug. 31.

ANDOVER, MASS.

Addison Gallery of American Art: This was Andover (300th Birthday), to July 8.

AUBURN, N. Y.

Cayuga Museum: Eighth Annual Finger Lakes Salon of Photography; Paintings—Trio-Oils; Historical Exhibit—The Art of Egypt, all, through June.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Museum of Art: Musical Instruments and their Portrayal in Art, to June 2; Paintings by Abraham Rattner, to June 7; Paintings by Alice Garrett, to June 9; Baltimore Artists' Guild, Baltimore Public School Art, to June 16.
Walters Art Gallery: Early Copies of the Old Masters, to June 16.

BLOOMFIELD HILLS, MICH.

Cranbrook Academy: Annual Student Exhibition, Contemporary American Painting, through June; 20th Century Drawings (Mus. Mod. Art), Six Latin American Painters (Council for Inter-American Coöperation), from June 23.

BOSTON, MASS.

Museum of Fine Arts: Recent Paintings by Max Beckman, to June 4; Cartoons by Dahl and Gluyas Williams, Prints by Goya, Flower Prints in Color, to Sept. 1; Annual Exhibition of the Museum School, June 7-30.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Albright Art Gallery: Watercolor Exhibition of the Buffalo Society of Artists, to June 19.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Fogg Museum of Art: Paintings and Drawings of the Pre-Raphaelites and their Circle, Between the Empires-Delacroix, Géricault, Chassériau, through June 1.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Art Institute: Religious motifs from the Old Testament, paintings by A. Raymond Katz and Irving Kriesberg, through June 2; 57th Annual Exhibition of American Watercolors, through June 6; Prints by Eleanor Coen, to July 14.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Museum of Art: 28th Annual Exhibition of Work by Cleveland Artists and Craftsmen, Serigraphs, through June 9; Seasons in Flowers and Fruits, Travel Posters from India, through June.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

University of S. C. Library: Paintings by Mrs. H. D. Bull, June 1-15; Paintings by Mrs. M. S. Whaley, June 15-30.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

Gallery of Fine Arts: 36th Annual Exhibition Columbus Art League, through June 2; 21st Annual Ohio Watercolor Society Exhibition, June 1-30; Built in U. S. A., June 14-July 5.

DAYTON, OHIO

Art Institute: Student exhibition by School of the Dayton Art Institute, and Paintings by Stark Young, June 4-July 1.

DETROIT, MICH.

Institute of Arts: Recent paintings by Joe Jones, George Schreiber, and Carl Gaertner (Little shows of Work in Progress), through June 2; Wayne University Exhibition, through June 12; Contemporary American Painting (Encyclopedia Britannica), June 4-30.

HARTFORD, CONN.

Wadsworth Atheneum: Costume Exhibit from the Museum Collection, through June 2; Exhibition of Chinese Sculpture lent by Ellis Monroe and Jan Kleijkamp, through June 8; Old Master Drawings, June 8-July 28; Art of the Children's Classes, June 14-July 14; Photography in Hartford, June 28-Sept. 8.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art: Woman with Pearls (La Tausca Art Collection), Paintings by Burnett Shryock, 18th and 19th Century English Pottery from the Burnap Collection, Old Master Prints from the Permanent Collection, Work from the Saturday Morning Children's Classes, all, through June.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Brooks Memorial Art Gallery: Cotton Carnival Exhibition, to June 3.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Art Institute: 4th Annual Young Peo-

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ple's Exhibition, June 1 through July 7.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Institute of Arts: American Historical Paintings, to June 3; Europe 1945—Paintings by Syd Fossum, to June 10; American Group Show (lent by Paul Rosenberg and Co.), June 1-30.
University Gallery: Academic Dress, to June 20.
Walker Art Center: Paintings by June Corwine, to June 2; Elements of Design, to June 16; Students of Walker Art Center School, June 2-30; Contemporary Ceramics, June 20-Aug. 18.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Art Museum: Paintings by George Inness, Prints by Philip Kappel, to June 23.

NEWARK, N.J .

Artists of Today Gallery: Samuel Sylvester Stewart, through June 1; Eleanor Karl, June 3 through 15.
Museum: Historic Exhibition in Connection with the 200th Anniversary of Trinity Cathedral; 19th Century French and American Paintings from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to continue.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

American Academy of Arts and Letters, 633 W. 155 St.: Exhibition of the works of newly elected members, to June 30.
American British Art Center, 44 W. 56 St.: Watercolors and paintings by Donald Burns, Drawings from Spain by Bartoli, to June 8; Paintings from Haiti and watercolors by De Witt Peters, June 11-28.
An American Place, 509 Madison Ave.: Paintings by Arthur G. Dove, to July 1.
Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave.: Paintings by John McCrady, Sculpture by Gwen Lux, to June 1; Paintings by Lionel Reiss, to June 12; Sculpture by John Rood, June 3-19; Paintings by Celia Schwebel, June 21-July 6.
Babcock Gallery, 38 E. 57 St.: Paintings by 19th and 20th Century American Artists, June 3-Sept. 14.
Bignou Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Contemporary French and American Paintings, through June 28.
George Binet Gallery, 67 E. 57 St.: Oils, watercolors, drawings, and etchings by Dora Dorian, to June 7; Golden Age of Engravings, June 6-22.
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway: Bronzemaking in Ancient Egypt, to be continued; Photographs by Albert Greenfield, June 6-Sept. 2; Mary Cassatt—Selections from the Museum's Collections, from June 12; Prints by Raoul Dufy, June 14-Aug. 18.
Buchholz Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Contemporary Sculpture, to June 22.
Carroll Carstairs Gallery, 11 E. 57 St.: Exhibition for Greek War Relief, to June 15.
Contemporary Arts, Inc., 106 E. 57 St.: Father Philip Pieck, to June 7.
Durlacher Bros., 11 E. 57 St.: Old and Modern Paintings and Drawings to July 31.
Feigl Gallery, 601 Madison Ave.: Modern American and European Paintings, to June 15.
Grand Central Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Ave.: Paintings of the Caribbean by Frederick J. Waugh, to June 14; Watercolors, June 4-29.
Grolier Club, 47 E. 60 St.: One Hundred Influential American Books, 1640-1900, to June 15.
Knoedler and Co., 14 E. 57 St.: Watercolors by Morris Kriensky, made when he was Air-force Sergeant in China, through June.
Samuel Kootz Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: Paintings for a Country Estate, June 3 through 29.
Kraushaar Galleries, 32 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Arnest, Harsanyi, Katzenstein, Licht, Penney, Ret, Smith, to June 7; Small paintings by American artists, June 17-July 27.
Mortimer Levitt Gallery, 16 W. 57 St.: Group exhibition of oil paintings, Watercolors by Park, Sculpture by Umlauf, through June.
Julien Levy Gallery, 42 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Gar Sparks, through June 8.
Lilienfeld Galleries, 21 E. 57 St.: Old and Modern Masters, through June.
Macbeth Gallery, 11 E. 57 St.: Oils and watercolors by Contemporary Artists, through June.
Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82 St.: Masterpieces of drawings, Masterpieces from the Department of Prints, The Taste of the Seventies, to be continued; Reinstallation of the Egyptian and Medieval Collections; Fine Arts under Fire (Photographs assembled by the editors of *Life* magazine), June 14 through July 21. Contemporary American Paintings and Sculpture, from June 21. Junior Museum, Circus Parade and Paul Revere, to be continued. Also, Diamond Jubilee Loans of Masterpieces from European Museums: Statuette of The Good Shepherd, lent from the Lateran Museum in Rome by His Holiness Pope Pius XII, Michelangelo's tondo of the Madonna and Child from the Bargello, Florence, through the courtesy of the Italian Government, Delacroix's Barricade lent by the French Government.
Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57 St.: Early and Contemporary American Paintings, through June.
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 St.: Original illustrations for Children's Books, through June 2; Marc Chagall, through June 23; Georgia O'Keeffe, through Aug. 25; A New Country House by Frank Lloyd Wright, June 12-Sept. 8; Designed for Children, June 12-Oct. 6; New Photographers, June 19-Sept. 15; Ballet Drawings by Franklin C. Watkins, June 19-Aug. 25.
Newhouse Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: Eighteenth Century English Portraits, through June.
New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West: 95th Anniversary of the death of John J. Audubon, to July 14.
Norlyst Gallery, 59 W. 56 St.: Pictures for Democracy (Council against Intolerance), June 2-16.
Perls Gallery, 32 E. 58 St.: The Season in Review, Modern Paintings of the School of Paris and paintings by modern American and Latin-American artists, June 3-28.
Rehn Gallery, 683 Fifth Ave.: Spring 1946, through June.
Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57 St.: Watercolors and temperas by modern Americans, to June 15.
Wildenstein and Co., 19 E. 64 St.: French 17th Century Painting to aid in the Reconstruction of the University Library at Caen, to June 1.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

Smith College Museum of Art: Illustrations to the Poems of Ariosto and Tasso, through June 17.

OBERLIN, OHIO

Allen Memorial Art Museum of Oberlin College: Arts in America in the 18th Century, through June 3.

OMAHA, NEB.

Joslyn Memorial Society of Liberal Arts: Your Doctor Speaks (Upjohn Co. and Midtown Galleries), through June.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Art Alliance: Oils, gouaches, drawings, and etchings by Edward John Stevens, Weavings by Robert Harnden and Roger Lillen, Woven Costume Accessories, to June 2; Paintings by Lucile Howard Roberts, to June 6; Industrial Design by J. Gordon Lippincott, to June 21; Annual Exhibition by Members of the Philadelphia Watercolor Club, June 5 through Aug. 17.
Museum of Art: Corot, to June 16;

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
CHEAT THE HANGMAN *E. X. Ferrars* (Crime Club: $2.)	Despondent dramatist slain in London flat while friends have party downstairs. Perceptive woman finally fathoms case.	Brittle atmosphere of London art and literary circles during war ably portrayed. People are interesting and plot has unexpected outcome.	Impressive.
DANGEROUS HONEYMOON *Axel Kielland* (Little, Brown: $2.50)	American newspaper-girl hiding out in bomb-stricken Berlin marries Swedish business man and has astounding adventures.	Eventful, occasionally gruesome and frequently fantastic war-time thriller, with checkered romance and ample action.	Entertaining.
THE DEADLY PERCHERON *John Franklin Bardin* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Amnesiac psychiatrist has hellish time recovering his identity and sharing fiendish mass-murder in Coney Island hide-out.	Here's a real phantasmagoria! Midgets, horses, hibiscus-wearing gentlemen, lovely ladies and copious action. Spotty—but hard to put down.	Eye-popping!

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China Old and New to September.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Berkshire Museum: Watercolors by Kitty Parsons Recchia, Works by Emily Ott, June 1-30.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Art Museum: Work of the Museum Art School, 4th All-Oregon No-Jury Exhibition, to June 30.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Museum: The Disasters of War, etchings by Francisco Goya, to Aug. 15; 67th Annual Exhibition of Students' Work—Rhode Island School of Design, June 1-17.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Memorial Art Gallery: 1946 Rochester Finger Lakes Exhibition, Annual Exhibition of the Rochester Camera Club, through June.

SAINT LOUIS, MO.

City Art Museum: European Rooms in Miniature, through June 9.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Fine Arts Gallery: San Diego Scene —Art Guild Group Show, Fifteen Latin American Painters, through June.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

California Palace of the Legion of Honor: Charles Howard, through June 24.

SOUTH HADLEY, MASS.

Dwight Art Memorial, Mt. Holyoke College: Sculpture by Mount Holyoke Alumnae, to June 3.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Museum of Fine Arts: 6th Annual Spring Purchase Exhibition, American Artists, through June 3.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Museum of Art: 33rd Annual Exhibition of Selected American Paintings, June 2-Aug. 25.

UTICA, N. Y.

Munson - Williams - Proctor Institute: 5th Annual All Utica Flower Show, June 13 through 16.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Arts Club: Paintings by Norma Bose and Major Donald Nicholson, through June 7.
Corcoran Gallery: Memorial Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings by N. C. Wyeth, through June 9.

WICHITA, KAN.

Art Association: Paintings by Fred Wassall, Midwest Prints, June 1-15; Santa Fe, N. M., Panels, June 15-30.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Art Museum: Woodward Collection of Cruikshankiana, through June 2; Annual Exhibition of the School of the Worcester Art Museum, to June 30; Eight Syracuse Watercolorists, June 7-25.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Butler Art Institute: Warren, Ohio, Art Club Show, Annual Spring Salon for Artists within a 25-Mile Area, Watercolors by DeHirsh Margules, through June 16.

Men in Peril

HORIZON. By Helen MacInnes. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1946. 213 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by WALTER HAVIGHURST

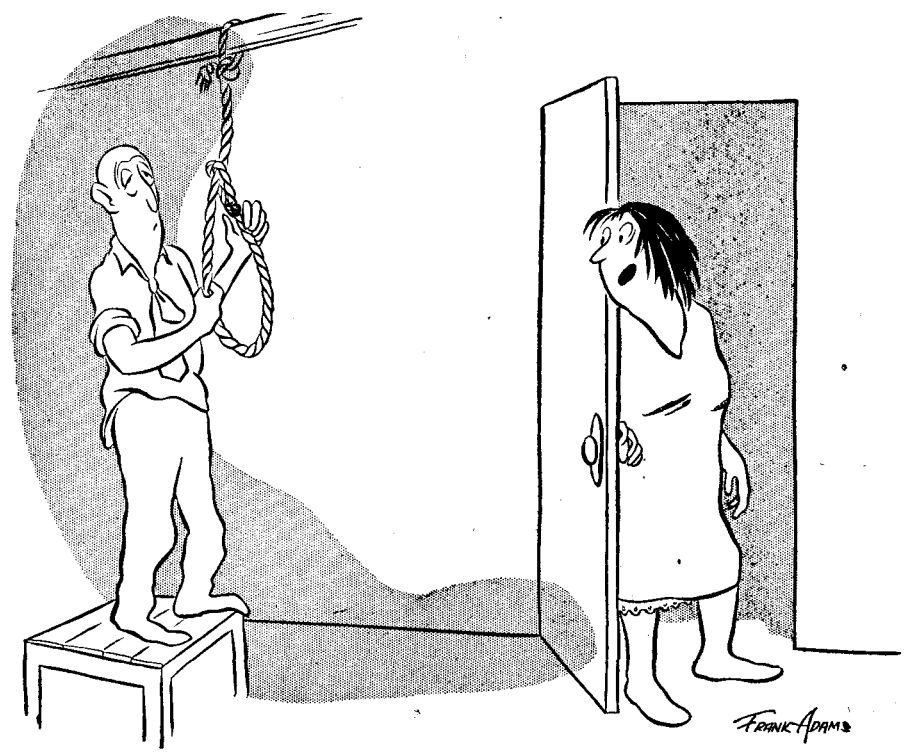
THE Schlern, as Miss MacInnes describes it, is the highest of a group of mountains in the Dolomite Alps, and the Schlernland is a region of high meadows and forests over which the rocky mass rises like a fortress. To this windy realm, between peak and precipice, came Peter Lennox, British veteran of the North Africa campaign, after a prison break in northern Italy. It was the time of Mussolini's fall and the landing of fresh Allied armies on the Italian beaches. A new wind of hope found its way even into the mountain fastness where the Tyrol peasants were grimly strengthening their underground organization.

Peter Lennox was to be an agent connecting the Tyrolese resistance with the allied front. To an English painter who knew Tyrol dialects and the mountain passes, that seemed a stirring mission. But when he found himself hiding all winter in a mountain farmhouse, he was not so stirred. He fought a growing frustration and hopelessness, he stared bitterly at his maimed right hand and half-heartedly practised sketching with his left. As the empty weeks dragged on he found it another kind of imprisonment.

He came, however, to see that the slow-speaking, slow-acting Tyrol people were right. In their winter-bound huts they were carrying on two wars—the old familiar war with the elements and the new war, of suspicion and stealth, with the Nazi invaders. They waged both wars with silence, patience, and hardihood. Carefully they laid their plans and slowly they advanced them, lest a hasty step bring the Germans down on them like an avalanche.

Before the winter was gone Peter Lennox had learned to admire the mountaineers — the patient strategy of Mahlknecht, their leader, the unspoken courage of young Johann, the warm-heartedness of Frau Schichtl and Katharina Kasal, and the bitter defiance of Eva Mussner as she fell in a storm of German bullets. These people helped him to be ready for his task when the spring torrents raced down from the snowfields, and they helped him to face his own future without evasion and complaint.

It is a credible and occasionally vivid story, of the kind that loses something after its background of events is no longer current. It is preoccupied with escape, with the next move in strategy and the imminent stuttering of machine guns. In it there is an absence of reflection, and one feels less interest in people than in the circumstances that inclose them. "Horizon" adds one more account of men in plight and peril, but nothing to the literature of war.



"What'll people think when you don't show up for work in the morning?"

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STANDARDS IN AMERICAN SPEECH

(*Continued from page 6*)

language is spoken and understood, seems to be the strongest single influence operating upon each one of us to modify the speech habits we acquire from the usage of our friends and neighbors.

There are several considerations which render the influence of the radio particularly potent. We receive its impressions, vivid and alive, through our ears. Its medium is *pure* speech, unaccompanied by any visual impressions to distract us from the sound itself, or which might prejudice us against the speaker, and therefore against his speech pattern. The radio speaker who appeals to us appears in our imagination as we wish him to appear.

The radio is perhaps the most democratic of our national institutions, founded as it is upon our commercial life, existing and flourishing in direct relation to its ability to hold the widest possible audience and to sell commercial products in the greatest possible volume. It is much closer to its audience than the stage or the moving picture; it speaks not to an audience at all, but to each of us personally and intimately. Its speech is much closer to that which we use in our own conversation than is stage or platform speech, and it is therefore much more readily and willingly imitated.

We might rightly regard our broadcasting companies as the primary custodians of our spoken language, just as our publishers, and their editors and copy-readers, are the primary custodians of our printed and written language. How far do they recognize this crushing responsibility which permeates our lives, and how do they meet it? How does a radio speaker choose a pronunciation which will be acceptable from the Atlantic to the Pacific, which will sell his sponsor's product from Maine to California?

One extreme in facing this problem is the course adopted by the British Broadcasting Corporation. In 1926, when the wireless was little more than a new fad, the directors of the BBC were aware not only of the problem but also of their responsibility for its solution. Their answer was to call in a committee of experts, who prepared a list of recommended pronunciations for 322 words for which there was marked variation in educated usage. This committee was made up of the following men: Robert Bridges, poet laureate and president of the Society for Pure English; George Bernard Shaw, dramatist, of Irish origin; Logan Pearsall Smith, scholar and writer, of American origin; Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, actor; and two phoneticians, Professor Daniel Jones and Professor A. Lloyd-James. Their recommendations were published for the guidance of announcers, but the matter did not end there. The list was further criticized in detail by another group of five equally eminent men, and the problems involved were discussed at some length in a tract published by the Society for Pure English. The Committee on Spoken English, furthermore, was made a permanent part of the BBC, which continues to supply the most informed guidance possible among the problems we have been facing. Almost from its very beginning, the BBC has been aware of its responsibility, has accepted it, and has met it as adequately as anyone knows how to meet it.

But the BBC is a government monopoly. In this country we have any number of independent broadcasting companies, all enjoying the benefits of free enterprise. In spite of the example of the BBC, none of our radio networks seems to have given any systematic attention to the problems of pronunciation until the war introduced into the news a flood of unfamiliar foreign place-names. In 1943 Professor James F. Bender prepared a "Handbook of Pronunciation" for the National Broadcasting Company. It contains a substantial list of words, of which about half are foreign place-names. Meanwhile Professor W. Cabell Greet was preparing a series of mimeographed bulletins for the guidance of the staff of announcers of the Columbia Broadcasting System, which were collected and published in 1944 under the title "World Words." This book is about the same size as Professor Bender's, and it consists almost entirely of foreign place-names, though it also contains a few notes on extremely common words on which there is a marked difference of opinion.

In order to ascertain directly the position on this question taken by our major broadcasting networks, I recently wrote to the four largest of them, inquiring as to the works of reference they use as authorities for pronunciation, and as to the steps they take to encourage or inforce adherence to these standards. From the Mutual Broadcasting Company I received no reply; presumably they are unaware that there is any problem in pronunciation. From the American Broadcasting Company the reply was almost equally naïve. Over the signature of D. M. Hastings of the Audience Information Division, I am told: "Our announcers and speakers rely on Webster's New International Dictionary Unabridged for this type of information. There is no 'inforcement' of pronunciation standards necessary, since speakers and announcers naturally wish to do their broadcasts as well as possible." From the National Broadcasting Company I received a reply from A. L. Barnard, who had inquired of Mr. Patrick Kelly, head of the announcing staff. The announcers rely, he states, upon Bender's "Handbook of Pronunciation" and upon Webster's Unabridged. He does not say how often or how consistently they rely upon these authorities. From the Columbia Broadcasting System I received a reply from Professor W. Cabell Greet, whose official title is speech consultant. He gave me a brief summary of the introduction to his book, "World Words," and stated further that he listens to as many broadcasts as he can and discusses with speakers and announcers any problems that arise. "I act," he said, "as an advisor and consultant and stimulator (I hope) of linguistic interests, not as a dictator except when circumstances demand a narrow ruling." We do have then in America one speech consultant working for one of the four major broadcasting networks.

In the introduction to his "Handbook of Pronunciation," Professor Bender throws some light on the manner in which it was prepared. He announces himself as a descriptive phonetician, which he believes to be justified since many radio speakers "use excellent pronunciation even though they may not always be consistent." He has based his list of pronunciations therefore on those of certain selected radio speakers, including men employed by each of the four major networks. Some of his models are Lowell Thomas, Art Baker, Frank Singeiser, Ben Grauer, George

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Putnam, and Charles Lyons. Professor Bender admits what any radio listener must know, that there are many variations in the usage of these speakers; consequently he has been forced to make a number of arbitrary decisions. He does not tell us on what grounds he has made these decisions, but he has made them courageously nevertheless; his list offers only one pronunciation for each word, although he states in his introduction that many variant pronunciations are wholly acceptable. In spite of his disclaiming any intention to prescribe correct **pronunciations, his** book is in fact a standardizing influence.

In the introduction to his "World Words" Professor Greet gives us more specific information regarding the standards he employs. He seems largely to rely upon the averaging of the advice of a large number of dictionaries. This is a broader and sounder basis than the use of a single dictionary, but it involves new problems as well.

To find out what Professor Greet is up against, let us examine the word *ration*, a word which was comparatively rare in everyday speech until the war gave it a new and very real meaning for all of us. We hear this word pronounced sometimes with a long *a—rayshun*—and sometimes with a short *a—rashun;* observation seems to indicate that the latter pronunciation predominates. What do the dictionaries say?

Both Webster's Unabridged and the Funk and Wagnalls dictionaries have appeared in new editions within the past five years, but the time-lag on new pronunciations in these dictionaries is so great that they are not likely to reflect the wartime use of the word. As a matter of fact, they list both pronunciations, and prefer the long *a*. Of five other dictionaries, only two prefer the short *a*, and these two were published in England. Professor Bender's "Handbook of Pronunciation" gives a long *a* to this word, and does not list the short *a* version at all. The BBC's "Broadcast English" gives it a short *a*.

SO far we have a clear-cut cleavage on national lines: all the British sources say *rashun* and all the American sources say *rayshun*. However, in Kenyon and Knott's "Pronouncing Dictionary of American English," published in 1944, we find the short *a* preferred to the long *a*. In view of this confusion, it is small wonder that Professor Greet left out the dictionaries altogether in making his decision on this word. He favors the short *a, because* that was the pronunciation used by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, among others.

Professor Greet is not eager to assume any undue degree of responsibility. He states his policy as follows:

> It is not the province of CBS to regulate the English language, but it is desirable to avoid the awkwardness that conflicting pronunciations on one program may cause. A choice therefore has been made in the light, we hope, of common sense, guided by the fact that CBS is a national American network. Without seeking to impair any citizen's right to be his own professor of English, we look for what is national, contemporary, and reputable.

This position is both practical and modest: it is also a much clearer and more definite approach to the problem than that of any other American broadcasting company. In the light of the tremendous influence of the radio upon our national life, it seems

a minimum of the care we have a right to expect.

These are the problems and confusions that arise from the attempt to apply strictly democratic principles to standards of speech. All the authorities we have examined, except the phoneticians who crusade for the Southern British dialect, are attempting to determine the pronunciations which prevail in common usage; all of them collide with countless questions to which they find it necessary to supply more or less arbitrary answers. These arbitrary answers are printed in our dictionaries and broadcast through our radios, with the result that they take on a certain power in regulating our speech. Is there any other way of solving these problems, any possible method of regulation less arbitrary in its methods?

Professor Bender, in the introduction to his "Handbook of Pronunciation," states that Americans have never wished to submit to the authority of any "academy" in questions of this kind. It is true that the word "academy" has unpleasantly stuffy connotations, and such a body would undoubtedly meet with strong resistance from the public on that ground. It is equally true that Americans are almost pathetically eager to be "correct," and they purchase dictionaries and correspondence courses by the thousands, and they consult constantly any authorities that are available to them. If we could find an acceptable name for an "academy," what would be its function and its method?

THE only example we can turn to is the Society for Pure English, founded in London in 1913 by Robert Bridges. As a matter of fact, its name, which might easily strike us as repellantly pedantic, was adopted ironically, as a protest against pedantry, and its whole history has admirably carried out this purpose. Pronunciation is not its primary concern, but when that problem arose in connection with the BBC's list of doubtful words it was ready for the challenge. The entire list was made up of those words for which usage supplied no adequate guide. What standards did they find?

Some questions they decided on the basis of retaining the word's origins, with the idea that its origin gives it its flavor, its associations, and its strongest meaning. In some cases, pronunciations were selected for the purpose of avoiding homophones, to prevent the word "poor," for instance, from becoming confused with the word "pour." In considering foreign words, they discouraged the importation of any word which duplicated the meaning of a good English word; for those which meet real needs in our language they attempted to find acceptable anglicized pronunciations. In selecting and applying these standards, the Society for Pure English operated on the same principle of practical common sense that Professor Greet used when he solved the impasse of the word *ration* by listening to government leaders. The Society invoked and applied these standards with the utilitarian intention of making the language as clear and usable an instrument of expression as possible.

Obviously they are useful standards. They need not be arbitrary standards if they are used flexibly, with due deliberation. We must ask our scholars to overstep timidity and boldly to offer the results of their careful study as sound recommendations. To commit themselves definitely means risking error and ridicule, for any of their decisions can be reversed at any time if the prevailing usage chooses to take an opposite turn. These standards, wisely applied, are standards which we need if we are to escape from the squirrel-cage

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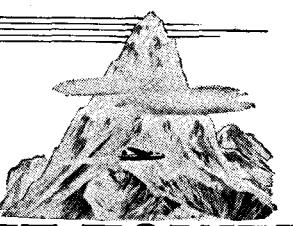

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in which we fruitlessly pursue the will-o'-the-wisp of usage.

Many of our industrial concerns support research laboratories for the broadening of scientific knowledge in the fields of their endeavor. Since speech is the primary concern of our radio broadcasters and of our publishers of dictionaries, might we not ask them to support a research laboratory to deal with the problems of our spoken language? The possession of a set of clear answers to some of our problems, ably derived, would benefit each of them, and all of us, as it blazed a trail toward the unity of American speech toward which we now grope blindly and uncertainly.

Brobury Pearce Ellis has been a teacher of speech at the Playhouse of the Henry Street Settlement in New York. He is now taking an advanced degree in speech at Stanford University.

From Aa to Zuizapu

VOLCANOES NEW AND OLD. By Satis N. Coleman. New York: The John Day Company. 1946. 222 *pp.* $3.75.

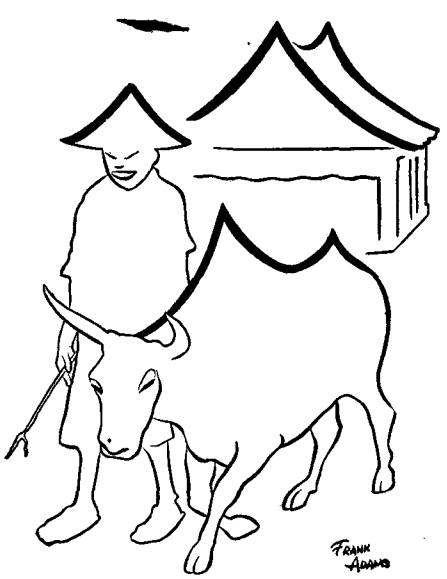
Reviewed by ERNST BEHRENDT

ONE of the surprising facts about volcanoes is that there are so many of them—between five hundred and six hundred which are active, and several thousand which are dormant or recently extinct. Few people would be able to name more than a dozen; Mrs. Coleman gives thumbnail histories, and sometimes more than that, of about a hundred and forty. None of them is dull.

This is due to the fact that volcanoes supply an element of drama which is generally missing in an otherwise quiet nature. There is very little stable or predictable about them. Volcanoes may become harmless after centuries of violent activity, or erupt after centuries of dormancy, or appear where there had never been a volcano before. When, in February 1943, a Mexican farmer noticed a wisp of smoke coming from a small mound in his field, he heaped a few spadefuls of sand upon it and tried to pat it down with his hand. He was trying to pat down the rising volcano El Parícutin. A few months later, El Parícutin, probably the youngest volcano in the world, had built up a cone 1500 feet high, buried two villages under lava and ashes, and devastated a fertile valley.

Having set the pace with the story of El Parícutin, Mrs. Coleman interrupts her roll-call of volcanoes new and old with a popular introduction into the science of volcanoes and proceeds with an explanation of its impressive vocabulary — malpais and calderas, aa and pahoehoe, laccoliths and batholiths, and necks and stocks and dikes and sills. Even this technical part of the book is anything but dry; in fact, it is not quite dry enough, for although it mentions the chief theories about the origin of volcanoes it ignores a few questions which might be of interest to the reader, such as whether volcanoes are continuous with the supposedly liquid core of the earth. Also, it may not be necessary to explain that erosion is the "destructive or 'wearing away' work of weather, wind, and water." But to most readers it will come as a surprise that among the materials ejected by volcanoes there may be finely spun threads of glass, the so-called "Pele's Hair" with which birds on Hawaii build their nests; that hardened lava covers 16,000 square miles in central Idaho and a much larger area in British Columbia; that "parasitic cones" often form on the sides of volcanoes; and that human skeletons, possibly thousands of years old, have been found under the lava of Old Ajusco in Mexico.

Mrs. Coleman comes into her own when she describes, or quotes from descriptions by others, the life histories of volcanoes along the two great volcanic belts of the earth. One of these belts circles the Pacific—Lassen Peak in California is its only active representative in the continental United States. The other extends from Central America and the West Indies across the Atlantic and through Europe and the East Indies and finally pierces the Pacific belt. In historic times, volcanic eruptions have almost always occurred along these zones of weakness in the crust of the earth, which means that with the exception of its western parts the United States may be considered as reasonably safe.



This is a fortunate accident of geography and one that, because of the almost total absence of volcanoes, is not sufficiently appreciated in this country; our attitude would be different if we happened to live in El Salvador or the West Indies. Volcanoes do rank among the most destructive forces we know. Mrs. Coleman recounts the classics—the eruption of Pelée in 1902, which destroyed the city of St. Pierre and all but one of its 28,000 inhabitants; the explosion of Krakatao in 1883, which took 32,000 lives; and the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D. which buried Pompeii and Herculaneum. But she also tells the stories of other volcanoes which, though less famous, were no less destructive. Few people know about the volcanoes on Iceland—Hekla, which erupted for six years without stopping, or Skaptar Jökull which, after its explosion in 1783, sent out lava flows forty and fifty miles long and fumes which blighted plants in Holland. There are dozens of volcanoes which have almost dwarfed the atomic explosions of Nagasaki and Hiroshima—Tomboro in the East Indies, or Zuizapu in the Andes which, with three other volcanoes, rained a shower of ashes over Buenos Aires, 700 miles away, or Cosegüina in Nicaragua whose explosion was heard in Bogotá, 1100 miles away. Ever since the explosion of Cosegüina people in Nicaragua have believed that the ominous mountain must be propitiated by throwing children into its crater.

To read about these giants may help restore our sense of proportion and make us realize that the forces controlled by man are small indeed compared to volcanic energy. Only a few weeks ago a submarine volcano changed geography in a way which no engineer in the world could duplicate: it pushed up a new island from the bottom of the ocean. The crew of an English warship discovered it several hundred miles off the coast of Japan. If it should remain, which is by no means certain, a volcano may have dumped a new Far-Eastern base into somebody's lap.

Mrs. Coleman has an exciting story to tell and her book may well "stimulate some reader to explore . . . more deeply into scientific matters." The reader will be further stimulated by the large number of striking photographs which accompany the text.

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HEARING THINGS

CHARLES IVES

THE Second Annual Festival of Contemporary American Music, held at Columbia University, offered a concert on May 11 devoted to the works of Charles Ives. Born in 1874, and now living in retirement, Charles Ives, scion of an old New England family, is something of a legend in American music. Having grown up in a musical environment—his father was a versatile and inventive bandmaster—he took to music as a matter of course, receiving a thorough training capped with a degree from Yale University, where he studied with Horatio Parker. "After graduation"—to quote from the program notes—"he chose business as a profession in order to be free to express himself musically in his own way, unhampered by questions of expediency involved in a professional career."

As we listened to the music of this Connecticut Yankee it was apparent why he so simply and honestly decided to embark on a manner of life which would leave him "unhampered." This is music from the bowels of the earth; bewildering music, at times powerful, tender, evocative, witty, at others incomprehensibly clumsy. What makes these pieces the more extraordinary is the date of their composition: they were written before "Elektra," before "Le Sacre du Printemps," before "Pierrot Lunaire," and they exhibit a personality, an inventive talent, as original as those of the protagonists of modern music whom he antedated and anticipated. There are rhythms brisk and American to the core, melodies betraying a lively fantasy, and harmonies that can be found nowhere else. The last movement of the violin sonata ("The Revival") presents an impressionistic musical canvas that rivals similar works of the best French masters; at the same time it has vigor and a curiously haunting affinity with traditional American melodies. Among the songs presented, the emotional range and diversity of which are remarkable, there were masterpieces of the first order. Original, tender, barbaric, refined, and coarse-grained they are, and American as Walt Whitman. Then came two works in large form, a quartet and a symphony (No. 3), which are diffuse and curiously inarticulate in their chosen medium. It is very difficult to reconcile the freshness of the songs and of the sonata with the lameness of the symphony, to understand how a man with Ives's innate gifts and thorough musical training can be so helpless in the orchestral medium.

When Ives's compositions were conceived, the stylistic revulsion from post-romanticism had already begun, but most European composers—and all the Americans—were still clinging tenaciously to the plushy grandeur of the music of the end of the century. In this post-romantic world Ives stands as an independent and utterly straightforward musician, an American of the twentieth century. His compositions testify to his honesty of spirit and purpose; to him imitation is not only worthless but dishonest. He dared to be a completely American composer when every other musician pined for the harmonic-erotic nirvana of the "Liebestod," tried to coax Till Eulenspiegel into a few more escapades, or was basking in the autumnal splendor of the Brahmsian symphony, raking over the lawn for forgotten leaves. He looked around him and discovered that Danbury bears no resemblance to Bayreuth, Munich, or Vienna, and he resolved to be himself and to translate the New England countryside into music.

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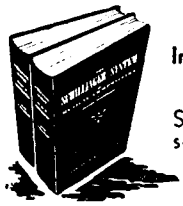

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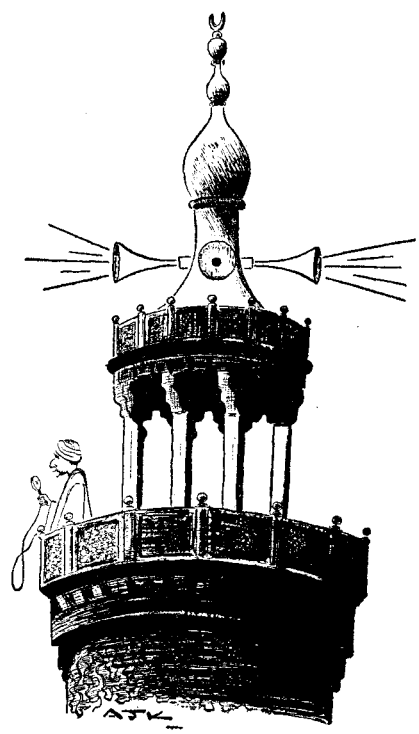
of this genuine creative talent is lacking in focus, and yet, admiring his intentions and his sincerity, one cannot easily suppose this lack of center to be due solely to individual defects. It is hard to believe that because of some shortcoming or other, he was unable to cope with what others, less endowed, were able to see, organize, and shape into something comprehensive. Ives was not an armless Raphael. Of the works heard at the Columbia Festival there were songs the mastery of which is equalled only by Moussorgsky, and the violin sonata represents a convincing solution of the almost insurmountable problem of mixing two heterogeneous instruments, a problem that every composer from Beethoven onward has struggled with. On the other hand there is the almost inept handling of the orchestra, the monochrome of the outer movements of the quartet. Is it perhaps that the song—Whitman in music—can be an eminently American phenomenon without any limiting factors and without inevitably invoking traditional stylistic features as do quartet and symphony? Ives loves the songs, hymns, and "spirituals" of his native New England, and, combining them with the organist's meditative improvisation, he tries to shape them into symphonic fabrics. But this sort of lyricism is anathema to the symphony, it cannot rise to the epic-dramatic intensity demanded by the genre. On the other hand, the old fiddle tunes of the American countryside again provide a link with the composer's hereditary environment, hence the successful blending in the sonata which, of course, is a "sonata" in name only.



During the short span of his really active period Ives developed constantly, but his development did not lead anywhere, for it returned—by long detours—to the original point of departure. What makes it so difficult for the critic to appraise this art is that we do not seem to know either what determined the choice of the point of departure or the direction of the detours. Nor do we know whether the composer's creative forces were exhausted when he largely abandoned composition, or whether ill health or other causes arrested him short of a flourishing of his art, for which everything he had so far done was only a modest preparation. What, then, is Charles Ives? The only answer to this question can be silence filled with wonderment. We do not know anything about him, nor do his works reveal his world. But there is a more important question yet to be asked: what does Ives mean to us? Perhaps some day we shall recognize him as the first musician who realized the futility of Western European gropings for new music which at the same time held on to the post-Wagnerian faith. There is a more than superficial resemblance between Ives and Moussorgsky. Both achieved their greatest in the song, both remained amateurs in the larger forms. But while Moussorgsky stands before us in his letters as completely naked as Rousseau in his confessions, Ives remains an enigma, and one cannot throw off the vague feeling that this inexplicability is not an accident, and is bound up with the absence of a center in his oeuvre, that the curious primitivism of his symphonies is not due to lack of training and craftsmanship—patently the case with Moussorgsky—but is a symbol of the lack of a center, of a focus, in the life of the young century. There were a few moments of that memorable concert at Columbia University when one could not help feeling that at one time Ives had in his power and solution of the great problems of music at the crossroads. That he did not avail himself of this opportunity constitutes an American tragedy. There was no American musical culture into which he could have integrated his new art, and his predicament called for a revolutionary upheaval, a tabula rasa in form, language, and technique, in which his music could have found fulfillment. But revolution, which for the great Russian novelists was as natural in letters as in politics, is alien to the modern American mind, accustomed to the concept of orderly evolutionary change. Charles Ives's music belongs to a world of revolution divested of its revolutionary reality.

PAUL HENRY LANG.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		REMARKS
	Balance	*Surface*	
HANDEL, CONCERTO FOR ORCHESTRA IN D arr. Ormandy. Philadelphia Orch. Ormandy. Columbia 12280-D $1.	Orchestra rather heavy; emphasis on bass. Good resonance.	A	New version of work that includes one of Handel's finest melodies (also in Fireworks suite). Old London Symph. version (C 68256D) is best, but this is not bad—great improvement over the Stokowsky-type arrangements. A first rate piece for all who like the Water Music suite.
BACH ORGAN MUSIC: Fugues in G ("little"), C ma; Passacaglia C mi; Ein Feste Burg; Sheep May Safely Graze. E. Power Biggs. Victor M 1048 (4) $4.75	Somewhat more brilliant, more metallic than earlier Biggs recordings. Resonance is not good; a "hard" echo.	A—crackles	Another in long Biggs series; much like earlier albums. Biggs is conscientious virtuoso, with lack of musical imagination. His Bach is brilliant, superficial, monotonous where it should be colorful.
A TWO-PIANO MUSIC RECITAL Schumann, Andante & Vars. Chopin, Rondo op. 73, Mendelssohn, Allegro Brillant. Luboshutz & Nemenoff. Victor M 1047 (4) $4.75	Rather low-level; scratch comes up in soft passages. Fine, soft piano tone.	A—	This is the most *musical* of all current duo-piano teams. One forgets the piano for the sheer music itself. Two-piano music is always effective on records; this album highly recommended.
Earlier version: Schumann, Andante & Vars. Bartlett & Robertson. Columbia X 213 (2) $2.75	Mikes closer than above (?)—more metallic, louder.	A—	A more percussive, pianistic playing of the same Schumann (above) but not in my opinion as satisfactory.
SIEGMEISTER, OZARK SET Minneapolis Symph. Mitropoulos. Columbia X 262 (2) $2.75	Studio type, high-level. About the finest yet in realism. Solo instruments amazingly realistic.	A+	Slight, but nice music, in good current movie-style idiom, with streaks of Ferde Grofe and Henry Ford's Square Dance orchestra. Siegmeister's choral settings of U. S. folk music are worth more musically.

MANY readers of this column have found for themselves the inexplicable difference between the piano as an instrument and as a medium for music, universal music. The same distinction, though it is never reducible to black and white argument, is apparent throughout music. There is the instrument, the flesh, and the music, which is the spirit; and yet body and spirit are one. Hence the immense difficulty and the fascination we find in transplanting the spirit from one body to another. Some music is so strong, so adaptable in spirit, that it assumes any musical body and lives. Other sounds perish, being inseparable from the instrument which creates them, and without meaning aside from its meaning; such music cannot be transcribed. The distinction appears everywhere for those who hear; in the orchestra, in music for voice, violin, organ, in the work of great conductors and performers.

To my mind Luboshutz and Nemenoff are the best of current duo-pianists because one is aware in their playing of that indefinable sense of hearing *through* the instrument, far beyond, into the very music itself. It is on almost visual perspective, this sense, and it is rare. The greatest artists attain it with ease. Flagstad, Bruno Walter, Rachmaninoff, George Copland, Kurenko, each in a separate field, come to mind. And yet lesser techniques may have the gift of this rare and cherished projection. Schweitzer plays Bach that way in spite of wrong notes, Biggs does not, Frisch, Teyte, whose voices have faded, achieve it superbly. In fact many a clumsy amateur somehow evokes the miraculous spirit of living music from the undeft keyboard or in the weak tones of an untried voice. Many an over-trained professional never comes within the remotest reach of it.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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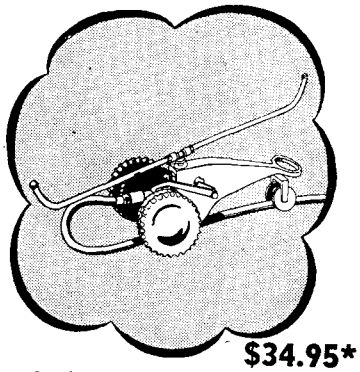

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BILLY BOWLEGS AND HIS MUSICAL WHALE

ALL the reaches of the beaches of the ocean in a gale
Roar the song of Billy Bowlegs and his Musical Whale

Every finback, or rorqual, or sulphur-bottom sail
To the tune of Billy Bowlegs and his sweet-spoutin' whale.

Every sailor on a whaler when they brailed the mainsail
Made the shanty Billy Bowlegs and that double-reeded whale.

Heavy laden with menhaden, all the coast fishers hail
That hoss-mackerel cowboy an' his tootin' sparm whale.

Fer he come from Wyomin' whar he rode on the trail
Callin' "Which way's the wagon?", fer he longed fer wassail.

He was king o' bronc-busters an' he rode the rough string.
High-roller, gut-twister, say they didn't mean a thing.

Sulker, spinner, sunfisher, he forked many a killer;
An' he balled up in fallin' like a rele armadiller.

Every belly full of bedsprings that proud puncher sat
He'd yeow, "Pow-der River!" an' be fannin' on her fat.

But they say thar was a lady, O they say thar was a jane.
She come from Massachoosets on the Oveland train.

So that peeler was hog-tied before he began,
She had him choked speechless with a fast hooley-ann;

He left old Wyomin', an' he come to Cape Cod
Whar there's schooners an' mackerel and big fish, by God.

But he pined fer the grizzlies, an' the cavvy an' corral,
An' a bronc walkin'-beamin', an' a pirootin' pal;

So he pals with the fishermen that rocks on the wave,
An' he washes off the war paint, an' gits ready ter shave.

But out fishin' one evenin', with the waves gittin' choppy,
Thar's a yank on his line like his rope caught a croppy.

Thar's a clang o' fish-buckets; on the waves thar's a war;
An' his arms from their sockets they nearly is tore.

All the Portygees squallin', an' the trouble is now,
An' thar's no horn to hitch to; but he bawls, "Hook 'em cow!"

Fer he'd roped a hoss-mackerel o' gorgeous degree,
An' she bucked double-barrelled, as she bruk from the sea.

Here that tuna come a-tunin'. Then his fish-line give a crack.
An' next thing, Billy Bowlegs was astride of her back.

He was spray-plowin' pronto, he was lost to the land,
Fer that hoss-fish was pullin' for the sea's Rio Grande.

She was rainbowin' fancy, fulla spite chockablock,
An' he larned about the fish tribe from soda to hock.

Whar they watched from the piers, whar they goggled from the bay,
All they saw goin' flyin' was a white sail o' spray.

But he never pulled leather, when she'd plunge or when she'd breach,
An' he rode her roun' the harbor an' bulldogged her on the beach. . . .

Still, as great as I am tryin' to considubble avail,
I ain't told about Billy an' his meet-up with the whale.

He was took on a v'yage, in bad need of a change,
Where the blue Injian Ocean is a wide-open range.

An' the skipper o' the clipper, he fancied a tune,
So he'd brought along with him his faverit bassoon.

It's a tube with a mouthpiece, an' it made yer flesh creep
When the capting would finger out "The Cradle o' the Deep."

An' thar rose in the tropics a roarin' big moon,
An' the fishes all glittered to hear that bassoon.

Billy'd sit up in the cross-trees, an' the skipper would play
Where the moon on the wavelets made 'em brighter than day.

So that puncher, he waited. An' one night, in his bunk,
He found that the skipper was a-layin' dead drunk.

It was darker on deck, when Bill snagged the bassoon.
There was only up in heaven jest a crust of a moon.

But the crew was all forrard. Bill crep' to the starn,
An' them keys with his fingers he started to larn.

Now there roamed on that sea-range a right whale gone sad,
Since the big white beluga was all the new fad—

Though a white whale's a dolphin! What you git from it are
Isinglass from its bladder—from its roe, caviare—

An' the right whale's a right whale. Yet still, times was bad.
So it moped aroun' the ocean, all alone, feelin' sad.

An' the one thing that griped it till the teardrop would fall
Was it wished it was musical, which it wasn't at all.

If you wish to be musical, and are not at all,
You write ballats like this here one, an' the tear-drop will fall.

Well, that night, in its tantrum, like a quiver on the swell,
That big whale heerd music, an' he says, "All is well!"

An' he swum then, an' he swum then—an' with some it is wimmen,
An' with some it is liquor—but with him it was hymnin'.

An' with him it was tunes you beat out with yer tail.
So it was that Billy Bowlegs met up with that whale.

For he'd got hot and goin'; an' he made that whale weep
With the groans an' the sobbin' of "The Cradle of The Deep."

Then the whale hove up a mountain. Could that lusty heart fail?
But, you see, this here Billy, he had never *seed* a whale!

An' its little eye trickled salt tears on the sea.
Like a butte on Wind River it appeared for to be.

It was vast, and it quivered, and it sidled longside.
An' some sailor yelled, "Blow me!" An' pore Bill lost his pride.

Fer it nudged with its shoulder, at the ship, an' the motion
Made it skid full o' ripples through the Injian Ocean.

An' Bill thought, "We'll never be saved, by a miracle!" . . .

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But the nose of the whale has a blow-
hole or spiracle,
An' that whale shot a spout full o'
brine in the air
As it clumsily curtsied, bein' glad it
was there.

So it rained upon Billy, in the midst
of his tune—
An' he pitched at the whale's nose
the skipper's bassoon.

I dunno how he struck it, but up to
the shank
In the hole o' the spiracle o' the right
whale it sank;

An' that whale give a start, an' he
sounded fer fair.
The wave h'isted the clipper, 'bout a
mile in the air.

Thar was turrible upheavin's, thar
was awful commotion,
An' it seemed like an earthquake had
hit the dark ocean.

When the sea ceased ter welter, an'
the wind ceased 'er wail,
An' the elemental wrath might no
longer avail—
They heerd distant music whar swam
the great whale!

At the first kind o' strangled, an' as
though it was coughin';
Then rele hauntin' music they heered
from the offin';

Fer whenever it breathed, all its soul
in one sigh,
That big seabeast bubbled an' poured
music on high,

With the same the result of the skip-
per's bassoon . . .
An' it sailed away to starboard, still
playin' a tune.

An' it swims, an' it swims—an' with
some it is wimmen,
With some it is liquor—but with fish
it is swimmin'—

An' swimmin' to music an' the thresh
of its tail
Was the heaven of its yearnin' to that
frustrated whale.

But the skipper was adamant, his
bassoon was gone;
So he landed Billy Bowlegs at a port
in Ceylon.

Which I don't know what become of
him; perhaps he's still in jail,
All because o' bein' a cowboy not
fittin' fer sail,
But somewhere, out in ocean, rich
music will trail
Forever an' forever from a sweet-
swimmin' whale . . .
O forever from a happy an' a star-
spoutin' whale!

* * *

Well, I spent a Wednesday afternoon and evening at the theatre seeing "Henry IV" done by the Old Vic players. The only time I did that before was with Eugene O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra." And, though that was an experience, it was not a patch on Shakespeare as done by this magnificient company!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientele; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to exchange of correspondence. Rates: 15 cents per word. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions follow—26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Payment in full must be received fifteen days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

HAVANA—All expense tours from any point in U. S. A. Group tours our specialty. Also individual tours. Advance reservations necessary. Write for details: FARR TOURS—Miami Beach, Florida.

SITUATIONS: city, suburbs. Eurasians. Box 35-Q.

ENJOY serious reading? Box 991-P.

SUBSCRIBE FOR PERIODICALS by asking me for any number at a time. Pay after I bill you at publishers' lowest prices. Catalog SR, free. John Crehore, Postbox 2329-R, Washington 13, D. C.

NORTHERN PINES, Port Kent, N. Y. 1200 acres or unsurpassed vacation facilities on Lake Champlain with Private Golf Course, Private Beach, Tennis Courts and all summer sports. Excellent accommodations; Modern Cocktail Lounge; Superb Cuisine, by outstanding French Chef. Pre-season rates now. N. Y. office Room 2006, 1501 Broadway, CH 4-6921.

BEGINNER'S OR DISCARDED stamp collection wanted for invalid. Box 647, Rock Springs, Wyoming.

FM—Broad musical education, teaching experience, 3 years in FM radio, responsible successful musical programs leading independent New York station, will organize high calibre musical programs in FM. Exciting ideas on FM technique, good music as entertainment; 100 hours solo broadcasting own program about music. Will assist application FM license. Box 887-P.

FICTION, BOOKS, PLAYS, ARTICLES marketed. Free reading. Bertha Klausner, Literary Agency, 130 East 40 Street, N. Y. 16.

MATURE EASTERN GENTLEMAN invites feminine letters. Box 5-Q.

WORLD'S BIGGEST-SELLING AUTHORS TRADE HERE. Budding writers take notice. Buy all books mentioned herein, postpaid, from Campbell's, 10918 Le Conte Avenue, Los Angeles 24, California.

COLUMBIA GRADUATE STUDENT wants interesting summer position outside city. Box 25-Q.

NINETY BOOKSELLERS in 15 cities with millions of used, rare and out-of-print books invite your inquiries. Mention interests if catalogs are wanted. American Antiquarian Booksellers, 529 S. Melville Street, Philadelphia 43, Pa.

FOR BOOK ADVERTISING, Publicity, Promotion—Write George Butterly, Times Building, N. Y. 18. BRyant 9-8197.

WHO WILL WRITE youthful but not young Miss? Interests—books, music, travel. Box 36-Q.

MAGIC SHORTHAND and TYPING course. Fast, easy. 25¢ postpaid. Box 987-P.

YOU CAN MAKE $3.00 AN HOUR, selling personalized stationery, etc. 10 cents stamp for portfolio. Hinrichs Press, 4907 Melrose Street, Chicago 41, Illinois.

HELP FOUND a great magazine "both timely and timeless." Join the Committee of One Hundred. Box 903-P.

FOR SALE. Book store in heart of business section, large town, large stock, long lease. Gross income $15,000. Could increase by adding stationery. Also old established gift shop. Box 431, Dover, New Jersey.

APPLE HILL CAMP—boys, girls 6-12—Charming pre-revolutionary farmstead overlooking New Hampshire hills is setting for this progressive summer camp. Full variety sports, crafts, swimming, emphasizing participation and sportsmanship. Fee $250. Write for booklet: Apple Hill, East Pepperell, Mass.

CORRESPONDENCE WANTED—(Interesting, intellectual yet friendly) by man just passing youth. Box 634-P.

PERSONALS

REWARD: $20 for anyone finding me cook-housekeeper. Lovely country home. $150. Box 304, Chappaqua, N. Y.

OVERSEAS VETERAN seeks apartment, one or 2½ rooms, Manhattan preferred. Call REctor 2-8000, Ext. 31.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut, quiet, informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM in America's oldest city. Valencia Hotel, St. Augustine, Florida.

WANTED—a well paying position by a lazy veteran, 32, married. Box 929-P.

EDUCATED WOMAN fond of children to be member of and helper in family with daughter three years old. Rocky Mountains for summer and possibly thereafter. Box 943-P.

POEMS WANTED for Musical Setting. Send poem for immediate consideration. Five Star Music Masters, 313 Beacon Building, Boston, Mass.

EDITOR, FEATURE WRITER, adept light writing or heavy subjects. Experienced book reviewing, rewrite, research, copy editing, make-up. Box 37-Q.

I HAVE A FEW FINE BINDINGS in that funny little arcade shop—Linnea Farr—Books, prints and antiques. 1924 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

RESPONSIBLE VETERAN AND WIFE need small apartment Greenwich Village or Brooklyn to enjoy tranquillity after two years' separation. Box 38-Q.

UNIVERSITY JOURNALIST seeks summer job; 25 months reporter, telegraph editor Southwestern newspaper; N. Y. paper before re-entering college; top recommendations; June 15-Oct. 1. Box 39-Q.

MAN MATURE exchange correspondence with Midwestern miss. Box 40-Q.

MANUSCRIPTS, INTELLIGENTLY TYPED: mimeographing; superior workmanship. JENE STERN, 347 Madison Avenue, New York. MU 4-0087.

YOUR STEINWAY PIANO might bring you more now than it would three or six months later. I travel some 200 miles in all directions from Chicago and on some such trip would like to locate a Grand piano in mahogany or walnut. R.J.C., 2131 Orrington Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

SUMMER TUTORING BOYS. In heart of Berkshires. Carleton Parker School, Swiss Meadows, Williamstown, Massachusetts.

DON'T DESPAIR of finding that book. Instead, write Box 182-M.

PERSONAL POEMS WRITTEN; any occasion; placecards, letters, etc. 50¢ per line, $2.00 minimum. Box 674-P.

WOMAN WRITER-TEACHER, 26, touring Mexico, South America, leaving June 6th, wants assignments writing articles on cultural topics, education, travel; reporting, research, photography; personal business assignments. Box 41-Q.

URGENT NEED: 2 or 3 bedroom apartment furnished or unfurnished New Jersey towns near New York City or suburbs of N. Y. C. close to good school for 10 year daughter. Excellent references. Box 42-Q.

YOUNG CHEMIST desires correspondence with interesting young lady. Box 43-Q.

EX-WELLESLEY STUDENT desires traveling summer position as tutor or companion. Box 44-Q.

NEW WATER COOLERS, for rental, call "Display", COlumbus 5-8093, N. Y. C.

WOMAN INVITES CORRESPONDENCE for, where friendliness exists, 'tis folly to be lonely. Box 45-Q.

CIGARETTES—popular brands; minimum 3 cartons. Price $1.40 per carton, postpaid. Send check or money order. Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange 52, N. J.

"MERRIEBROOK," Poughquag, New York. Delightful, peaceful homestead. Tempting meals, inexpensive. North Clove 2583, Adults only.

WANTED—Book shop within twenty-five miles north or west—Chicago. Box 673-P.

EXOTIC FOOD at home. Delight your friends with a dinner that's different. Serve Spaghetti alla Magnifico. Old World Recipe and package of especially blended Italian Seasoning. $1.00 Postpaid. The Italian Chef, P.O. Box 1328, Glendale 5, California.

(Continued on page 48)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 47)

YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN, nice personality with car share Maine cottage. Box 54-Q.

SPANISH! SPANISH! SPANISH! Easily! Quickly! Exchange English for SPANISH with refined NATIVES. Practical. Economical. Write: LANGUAGE EXCHANGE CENTER, 1425 Broadway, New York 18.

SERVICES FOR SUMMER offered by mother with three year old daughter. Teacher of English; magazine organizer: would like camp or care of children. Box 46-Q.

MY DAUGHTER, recovering from recent illness, would like congenial, cheerful, cultured girl about 30 years old at our summer home in New Hampshire for companionship, athletics, etc. Starting May 15 or June 1 for the summer season. Box 47-Q.

WOMAN OF UNDERSTANDING HEART and zestful spirit welcomes letters from men, especially writers and those in the professions. Box 48-Q.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS printed on gummed label. 500 for $1.00. Box 979-K.

AVAILABLE JULY, AUGUST: English teacher, some professional experience as manuscript reader, editorial assistant; excellent critical intelligence. Box 813-P.

WHY NOT PUT YOUR SPARE TIME TO GOOD USE? Take subscription orders to SRL and ENCORE in your community and receive regular agent's commission. For full details write today: Dept. F-1. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

FOR RELIABLE MARKET TIPS writers, photographers, cartoonists, artists contact Freelance Weekly, Box 56, Station N, N. Y. C.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY to buy into successful newspaper and magazine field. $15,000 required. Box 265-P.

WISE PUBLISHERS concentrate on editorial and sales—and leave the promotion to us. (Established 1924.) POLITZER, Times Building, N. Y. 18.

ATTRACTIVE LAKE free from out-board motors would be a great blessing to writer ready to provide token reward for information regarding one. Box 49-Q.

YOUNG MALE COOK looking forward to the day he will have his own small restaurant would like to correspond with other food enthusiasts. Box 50-Q.

TEACHER—versatile, adaptable lady—wishes interesting summer work in New England. Available immediately. Offers? Box 51-Q.

ORIGINAL WATERCOLOR of your favorite scene; send snapshot; $5.00. Box 52-Q.

REFINED WOMAN of sincerity, character, education, zest for the best, appreciate correspondence from mature gentleman of culture and integrity. Box 53-Q.

ARTIST WRITER with research for book. Good typist. College graduate. Will travel. Likes work. Box 55-Q.

PROGRESSIVE, TRAVELED, serious-minded lady, high standards invites correspondence educated gentleman. Box 56-Q.

FOR RENT during beautiful September—attractive, sea captain's home, 14 rooms completely furnished. Damariscotta, Maine in Booth-Bay region. $500. References required. Box 57-Q.

THREE splendid colored horse prints by Nicholson, 1840, 16½ x 12½. Set of 3, $25.00; $10.00 each. Also set of 25 different colored flower prints of the Rock Rose, 5 x 8, Robert Sweet, 1825. Set of 25, $50.00; single plates $2.50. Box 58-Q.

YOUNG MAN—educated—finds big city cold, would correspond with intelligent Eastern girl. Box 59-Q.

PENNSYLVANIA GENEALOGIES carefully searched. Box 993-M.

PHOTOGRAPHER DESIRES UNUSUAL ASSIGNMENTS, in my N. Y. Studio or elsewhere. Phone WA 7-7003 or WA 3-6247—Dennis.

WANT TO MAKE A GOOD TRADE? Got anything to buy, sell, or swap? Send $1 for 8 months subscription for YANKEE Magazine, Box SRL, Dublin, New Hampshire. "A Good Trade on Every Page."

TEA TREAT: Pamper your palate with the full, rich flavor of fine DARJEELING. Delicious—hot or iced. Trial pound $1.55, postpaid. CARAVEL, 126 Maiden Lane, N. Y. C.

PERSONALS

ANNOUNCEMENT

Effective July 1st, rates for advertising in the Personals and Classified columns of SRL will be 20¢ per word—count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—in either department—are as follows: 26 insertions, 14¢ a word; 13 insertions, 17¢ a word; 6 insertions, 19¢ a word. Present contracts will be fulfilled at the old rates.

CORONETS first issues, who will buy? Box 62-Q.

WOMAN, middle-aged, would work in gift shop during summer. Prefer the East or near Chicago. Box 63-Q.

SUMMER BOARD WANTED by writer and husband, New England, quiet, comfortable, cool, near water. Box 64-Q.

WOULD GENTLEMAN, liberal minded, mature, write to lady Ph.D. in search of fundamental human values? Box 65-Q.

FOR SALE: Italian Encyclopedia Treccani. Second hand, excellent condition, complete set; $700. Box 66-Q.

INFORMATIVE twice-monthly news bulletin for stamp collectors. Free. Box 67-Q.

YOUTHFUL GENTLEMAN BEACHCOMBER would be glad to hear from young salt-water lassie. Box 68-Q.

BLOW ME DOWN! Come aboard an old-time schooner of the Windjammer Fleet for a one or two week Vacation Under Sail along the Coast of Maine. Capt. Frank Swift, Box L-57, Camden, Maine.

TELSCREEN MAGAZINE—Television for the layman, enthusiast, artist. $1.00 yearly (4 issues). TELESCREEN, 371 South Orange Avenue, Newark, N. J.

KINDERGARTEN TEACHER wishes summer position. Companion; governess; housekeeper. Travel. Quiet, amiable, generally useful. Box 69-Q.

RESEARCH ASSISTANT for that book or article you plan. Available full time, part time, N. Y. C. Experienced. M. A. Columbia. Box 70-Q.

YOUNG WOMAN, graduate work creative writing seeks apprenticeship literary, theatrical, film concern in, out of country; experience limited, salary secondary. Box 999-P.

"INVESTMENT PEACE OF MIND"—a 40-page booklet discussing Investment Companies, with Emphasis on the Selection of the Company or Companies which will fit the particular Requirements of each individual Investor. 21,000 since February. By H. G. Carpenter (author of "A Successful Investor's Letters to His Son," "Investment Timing by Formula Plans," etc.) Send $1.00 to Scarborough Press, Scarborough-on-the-Hudson 72, N. Y.

DO YOU PAINT? Would you like a cascade of little water-falls dashing by your house? A 12-foot breezeway—a 16x16 foot studio with large fireplace—a living-room 20x24 foot with quaint old stairway in one corner? Your own garden in a lovely country-side? Available now. Owner—Prop. Overlea Inn, North Bennington, Vermont.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed; any matter, person, problem; anywhere. International facilities. Established 1922. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

MIDDLEBROW FEMME would hear from similar fellow. Box 73-Q.

CAPABLE WOMAN WRITER, long varied experience, welcomes work and responsibility; interested in research and international relations wishes job assisting author or commentator. Box 74-Q.

PLACE TO LIVE NEEDED by Professor of English and artist wife Hollywood, or Los Angeles vicinity. Box 75-Q.

HUDSON GUILD FARM, Netcong, New Jersey. Fifty miles from New York. Beautiful surroundings, informal, tasty food, reasonable.

DARING YOUNG MAN, successful but stagnant, would correspond with outwardly intelligent young things. Box 76-Q.

CATALOGUER of Rare Books and Manuscripts to work for well-known Rare Book firm. Knowledge of, experience with, and appreciation for books and manuscripts essential. High salary, unusually fine working conditions in New York. Confidential. Write giving personal background and experience to Box 77-Q.

PERSONALS

MEDICAL STUDENT, hospital experience, A. B. degree, versatile writer, actor, poet—desires interesting summer employment. Box 78-Q.

UNENCUMBERED EX-PUBLISHER. Advertising consultant. Idea man! Diversified. Wants any kind of job. Go anywhere. Reasonable salary-expenses. Ergophobe. Noctambulist. Adventurer. Sportsman. Maritime Staff Officer. No isms-inhibitions. Also correspond lads, lassies, sans mercenary souls. Box 79-Q.

APARTMENT WANTED, Manhattan, by Concert Manager. Sublet or permanent. Franklyn Smith, 37th floor, 521 Fifth Avenue. Phone MU 2-6624.

"WOODHOLME" on Seventh Lake-Inlet-N. Y. Central Adirondacks. Friendly. Informal. Good food and lots of it. No Bar. Accommodate 60. Reserve Early. Lyal and Bea Van Buren.

WILL GIVE ROOM AND BOARD at summer home in North Carolina Mountains in exchange for work—mostly out-of-doors—Time allowed for personal pursuits. Box 80-Q.

YOUNG VETERAN, lonely, invites correspondence with young lady in English, French, German. Box 26-Q.

DO YOU COLLECT ceramics, pottery, porcelain, old china? Send for free list of books. Box 97-Q.

HIGHLY LITERATE YOUNG WOMAN—Easterner—will exchange top-notch secretarial and stenographic services for summer maintenance for self, winsome 3 year daughter. Box 81-Q.

VACATION at THE BLUE DOLPHIN, East Quogue, Long Island. Tranquil Tempo, Superb cuisine.

INTROVERTED MALE would correspond with extroverted female. Box 82-Q.

BUSINESS MANAGER WANTED. Combination—Appreciation of Arts and keen business ability. Interested in other peoples' careers—Some capital required. Partnership to right person—Ruth Putnam Mason, Show Shop, 330 East 56 Street, New York PLaza 3-4827.

MEDICAL STUDENT AVAILABLE for tutoring after June 15. High school and college subjects. Box 83-Q.

WOMAN, alert, mature, expert typist, experienced in market research for advertising, will exchange 20 hours service a week for room, board and pittance. Box 84-Q.

OWNER OPENING JUNE 1 beautiful hilltop estate to limited number of compatible guests seeking surroundings for creative work. Tennis, riding, swimming. All inclusive rate $8-$15. a day. References required. Inquire, Mrs. Cushman, Juniper Hill Farms, Windsor, Vermont.

EXCUSE ME, BUT well-educated, talented writer seeks part-time country job. Tutoring English, Algebra, etc. while writing novel. References. Depending on duties, will leave N. Y. C. for room-board, cigarette money. Box 85-Q.

FOR RENT—Large one room furnished camp. Electricity. Catskill Mountains. Quiet surroundings. Reasonable rates. Box 86-Q.

COLLECTION SHANGHAI NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS covering Jap invasion 1932. Anyone interested? Box 87-Q.

WOMAN WRITER seeks quiet room Manhattan or suburbs. Convenient restaurants. Box 88-Q.

GRADUATE STUDENT, ECONOMICS, available most of summer for research or tutorial work. Box 89-Q.

IS THERE a Bulwer-Lytton fan in the house? Here is a set of 13 volumes of this master novel-weaver for only $22.50. Box 99-Q.

SHORE COTTAGE, Bayville, L. I. Bathing, boating and fishing. Rooms with electric plate or kitchen privileges. Sorry, Aunt Lizzie not cooking this summer.

YOUNG VETERAN, embittered by lack of white button-down shirts, in dire need of congenial correspondence from broad-minded young miss. Box 71-Q.

IF YOU'RE LOOKING for a complete, definitive edition of the great Balzac, here it is in 53 volumes for only $53.00. Box 94-Q.

COUNTRY HOUSEKEEPER, widow, writer, domestic . . cooking fine food a hobby . . prefers running a home in country and saving wages, to having dull desk job with prestige. Box 72-Q.

YOUNGISH METROPOLITAN BACHELOR seeks epistolary divertisement. Box 61-Q.

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PERSONALS

COTTAGE ON THE HILL, Athens, N. Y. Attractive rooms; wonderful view; fresh vegetables, conscientiously prepared. Folders on request. 125 miles from New York. Memorial-4-day special. Louis J. Roemer, Mgr.

WANTED—Business girl who seeks security! I am one myself (in N. Y. C.) and have an idea which can bring us a comfortable living dealing in women's dresses. If you are between 25-35, willing to travel, with a good business head write Box 60-Q.

TRAVELERS! STUDENTS! BUSINESSMEN! Any information and tips on Latin America. Enclose $1.00. Hemisphere Research, 45 West 86 Street, N. Y. C.

SHARE FARE CONCESSION traveling as guide for blind university student leaving N. Y. C. for Mexico City, June 25. PLaza 9-5759.

OVERSEAS FOOD PACKAGES FOR CIVILIAN RELIEF packed and shipped to all parts of the world from Denmark or the U.S.A. by a reliable and experienced organization. All shipments insured by Lloyds of London. Write for particulars. Richard H. Toeplitz, 120 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.

FOR SALE Old world home combining secluded charm with modern comfort and excellent commutation (50 minutes) to Grand Central. Spacious rooms. Spacious grounds. Brook with swimming hole and many trees. Reasonable down payment, balance as rent. Owner leaving for overseas. Box 103-Q.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR EXCEPTIONAL WOMAN: An author of widely-read books and popular articles dealing with human make up, behavior, psychological and social problems, seeks assistant or associate (part or full-time), with requisite professional training and experience. Should be mature (thirtyish); unattached; sufficiently personable and well-adjusted to facilitate contacts. Earning possibilities, social rewards, new horizons, limited only by capacities. Replies in confidence. Box 90-Q.

WANTED: Aggressive young man, qualified to teach Art and other camp activities. June 10th-August 27th. $300. Write, giving full particulars, to Greenwood School, Norwell, Massachusetts.

UNIVERSITY GRADUATE: 31, analytically inclined, education and experience in statistics, accountancy, economics, applied mathematics, seeks opportunity to do useful socially progressive work. Will travel anywhere. Box 91-Q.

YOUNG LADY wishes male correspondents, Southerners preferred. Box 92-Q.

REVOLUTIONARY COLLEGE challenges original teachers, students, to share exciting adventure in education for new age. Box 93-Q.

WANTED: New York-West Coast auto vacation, August. Man, 26—share expenses, assist. Box 104-Q.

FOR SALE: In cooperative community, 13-room house; fine sea views; and other select community privileges; 11 acres; house-plot with choice plantings; 7 master bedrooms, stable with ample service quarters, large and small storehouses. Apply Superintendent, Seven Gates Farm, Vineyard Haven, Mass.

YOUNG LADY—Full of originality wants opening in advertising copywriting, radio or magazine work. No experience but plenty of initiative. Box 105-Q.

WANTED TO RENT—tiny, quiet cottage near beach in Long Island, or Bar Harbor. Box 106-Q.

MAN, single, like to hear from same interested in planning vacation together in Mexico this fall. Box 107-Q.

REQUIRE SUBLEASE small apartment near Lenox Hill Hospital, N. Y. C. while awaiting Stork. July first for six weeks. Box 108-Q.

BRITISH INTELLIGENCE during war; taught history of civilization at leading University; now doing legislative work; broad background and sympathies; seek constructive politico-literary work N. Y. C.; 32. Box 109-Q.

HAS ANYONE ANY SUGGESTIONS? Unattached Navy man, on terminal leave, seeks August vacation activity that's different from desk work. Anywhere, anything interesting. Will travel or stay put, work or play. Box 110-Q.

HAVE TEN-ROOM VIRGINIA HOME on water, for sale, crabbing, fishing, bathing—electric, quiet, comfortable. $3,000. Box 112-Q.

WOULD YOU DECORATE your library-studio with deluxe editions of famous works in limited, beautifully-illustrated, morocco-bound copies at special prices? Also eminently suitable for gifts. Poe, *10 volumes, $44.25;* Stevenson, *10 volumes, $37.85;* Alfred de Musset, 10 volumes, $33.50; Moliere, 6 volumes, $29.50. Plutarch, 6 volumes, $28.75. If interested in complete works of any author, write us for description and prices. Box 95-Q.

PERSONALS

YOUNGISH VETERAN, about to leave eastern seaboard for middlewestern teaching job, seeks correspondence with liberal minded folk of broad interests to ease the break. Box 111-Q.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this department: 15c a word. Rates for several insertions follow: 26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Forms close Friday night, fifteen days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45 St., N. Y. 19, N.Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 636

DEFINITIONS

A. Pertaining to or living in fresh water.
B. The opening of a river into the sea (Geog.)
C. Flattery intended to deceive (Slang).
D. Designating a land area that undergoes neither elevation nor depression (Geol. & Phys.)
E. Novel by Mrs. Gaskell on industrial relations in England (1855).
F. A strait; a flux and reflux.
G. The utterance of one yawning (Comp.)
H. Character in "The Tempest."
I. Comic characters in a popular Bud Fisher cartoon (3 wds.)
J. City in France (tapestry weaving, 14th and 15th cent.)
K. Surface soil as prepared for sowing or planting.
L. Fishing or catching with a dragnet or the like.
M. A visible sign of an idea.
N. Austrian statesman prominent after World War I (1870-).
O. Appellation of King George III of England (after his favorite pastime).
P. A body of methodological doctrine.
Q. A leftover; a scrap.
R. A narrow escape (2 wds.)
S. Great American concert contralto (1908-).
T. A period of five years; the census (Rom. antiq.)
U. Famous English translator of Homer (1559-1634).
V. Stripped of disguise.
W. Softly bright or radiant.
X. Not restored to its proper state or condition.
Y. Seaport in Italy on Naples Bay.

WORDS

152 137 24 98 87 5 116 169

171 104 122 180 74

4 41 56 64 147 156 6

162 84 47 107 26 148 150 114

2 91 126 160 62 183 179 23 101 83 134 166 146

25 106 172 108 141 178 132

88 173 28 36

143 76 136 1 60 42 12

109 20 94 99 78 184 50 82 16 65 89

32 53 158 176 93

125 164 40 102 161

10 30 155 149 80 59 86 118

54 153 79 21 129 175

67 70 123 117 46 90

119 140 96 174 7 17

63 11 139 112 144 71 92

35 154 15 138 29 177 73

3 142 14 124 49 165 69 103 55 22

66 135 34 81 45 9 181 168

151 37 18 68 121 97 51

27 115 95 44 128 57 38

127 13 182 167 110 77 159 39

58 8 43 105 170 72 145

157 130 19 75 61 133 31 111 163

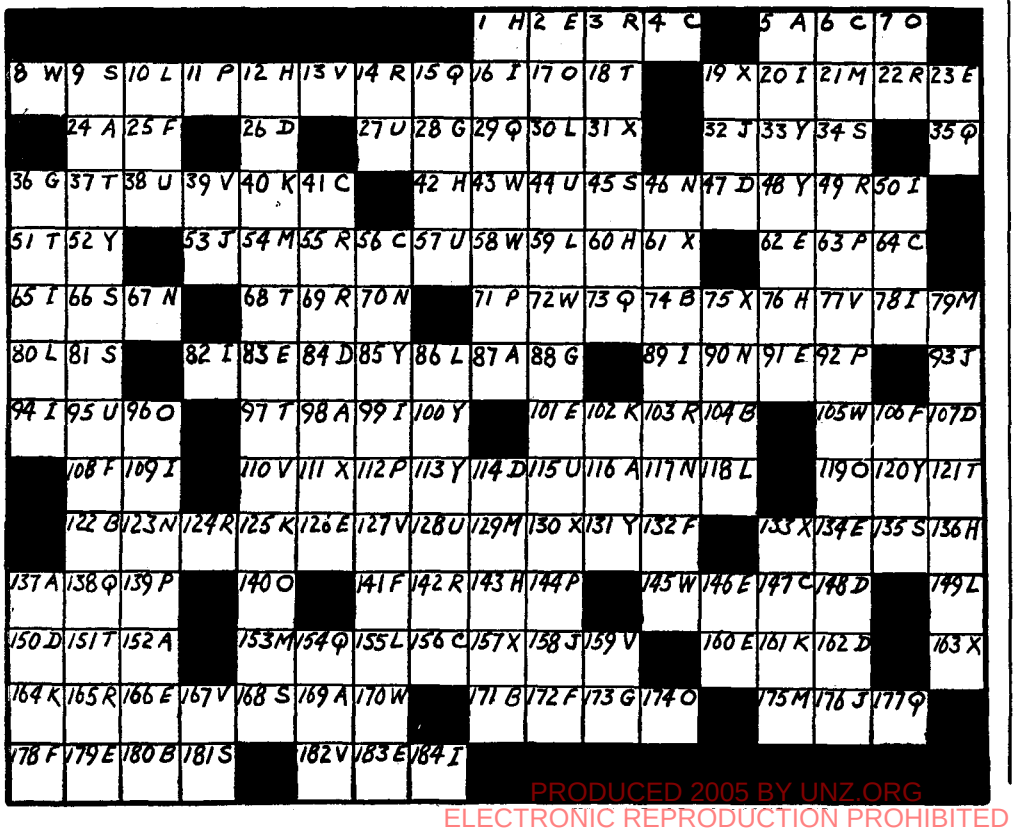
48 100 85 113 52 33 131 120

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.



The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

YOU may recall a comment from Mrs. D. C. Springer, Kokomo, Ind., that in the course of three years she had met in her locality but one other DCer and that one on a bus.

Now comes word from Mrs. F. B. Lewis, La Porte, Ind., that she recognized herself as that "fellow-DC-traveler" in the Down-State bus, and has, in consequence, struck up in my mail what promises to be a pleasant acquaintanceship. So much for this column as a clearing-house!

Two more DCers support the contention held by Mrs. Karl Wihtol, Red Bank, N. J., that the list of words would be more acceptable than the quotation itself in giving the answer. I wonder whether more of you hold that opinion. One value of the quotation occurs to me as I recall a college divine I met a few years ago who told me that, while he did not have time to do the puzzles, he enjoyed the answers and occasionally used one for a text or secured the book for further reading.

Mrs. Wm. H. Hoyt, Aldan, Pa., the latest DC newcomer to write, stresses the discrepancies in the reference books she uses as making for hard going.

In the very beginning of my own DC-making I discovered the need for *reliable* reference publications; likewise that an *abridged* dictionary is of little value, since it omits words not in essential use, as well as slang and many proper names.

E. E. Thun, Cleveland, editor of *Metal Progress*, has shared with me a most ingenious and beautifully designed DC he sent out for Christmas. It's a challenge if ever I find leisure to do more than make DCs.

Among our earliest puzzlers was Helen van Loon (Mrs. Hendrik Willem) on whose quick wit and clear eyesight I depended in those days when typographical errors, for various reasons, were legion. It is good to hear from her again after the lapse of years and to know that she is again busy on the back numbers of the *SRL*.

Of animals in relation to DCs, Luna Converse, Woodstock, Vt., tells me that her young kittens delight in picking the black squares from the page; and Mrs. Wihtol writes that of five new sheep, "all ladies of character," she has named one Elizabeth for me, and I shall hear more about it when I see her in New York by appointment soon.

Agnes Anderson, Cincinnati, could not find the "Romeo and Juliet" quotation in Series 17, in her Rolfe edition of that play, but after a search she did get it in a one-volume edition of all the plays based on the old Globe edition. That is no surprising experience. If one has time, the Variorum Edition in any good library furnishes a mine of gold and much food for thought, besides.

"Tow-row" has cropped up again. Agnes Tierney, Philadelphia, quotes from "The Way of All Flesh": "Ernest had selected as his hero the romp-ingest-scampingest-rackety-tackety-tow-row-roaringest boy in the whole school."

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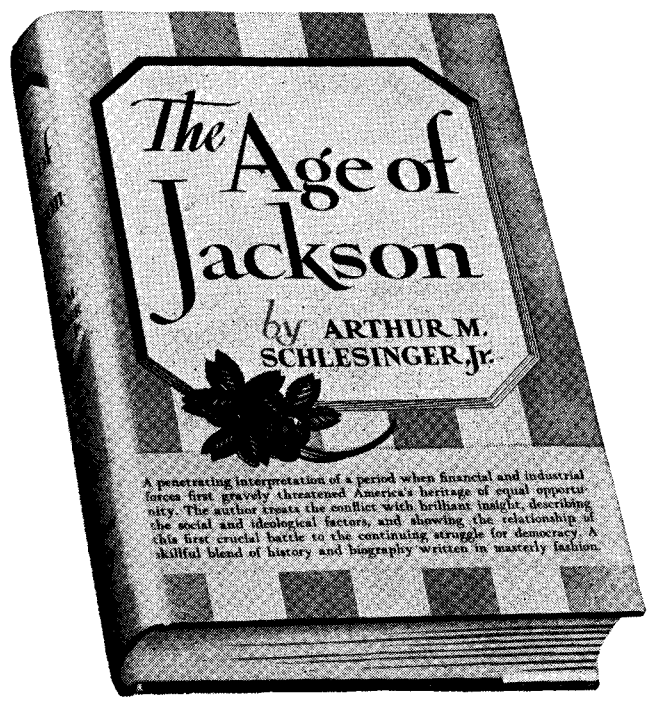
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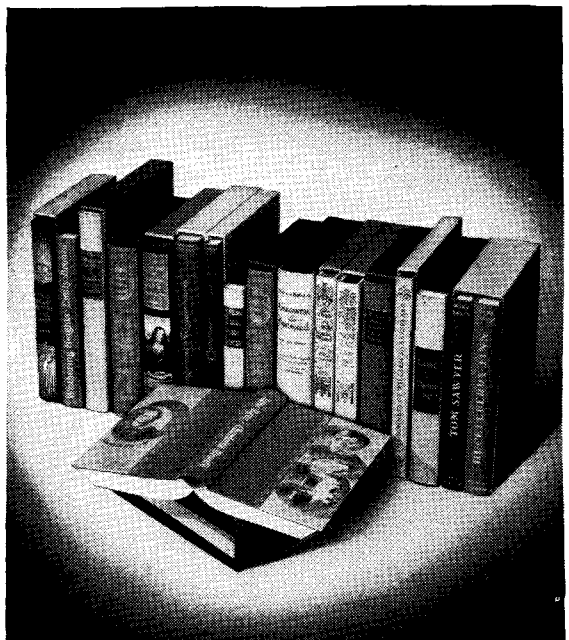

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